

THE WAR \$ CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY
IN

CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

20th Year. No. 7.

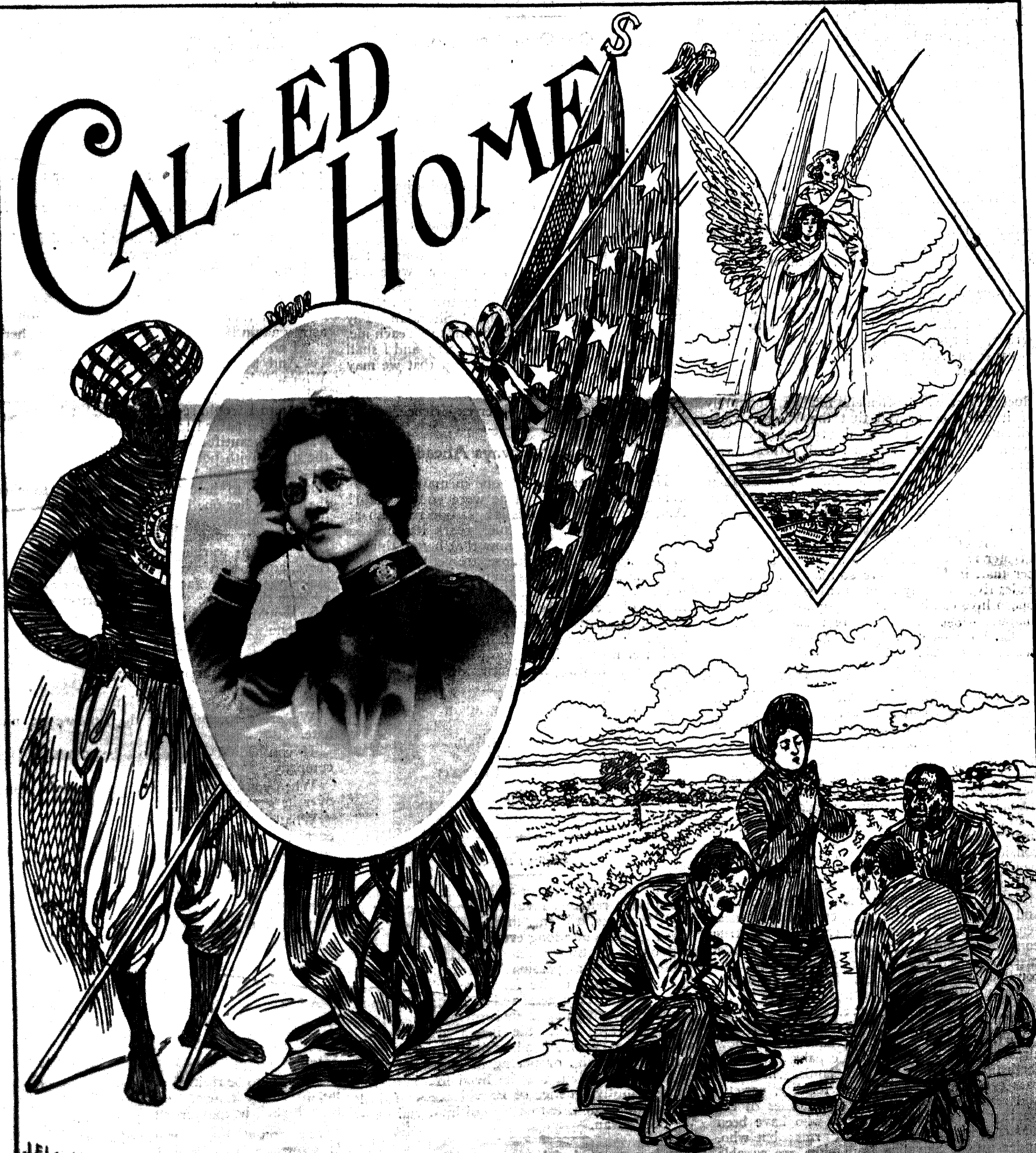
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

CALLED HOME



West Africa

As a Salvation Army Missionary Field.

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

Really, it is a great shame that England, and the Salvation Army especially, should not know more of West Africa. Everybody has been forced to know that there is such a place as South Africa, and perhaps the amount of attention given to that part of the world partly accounts for their utter ignoring of the *six colonies, containing more inhabitants than all the other British colonies put together*, which are generally described as West Africa.

There must surely have been moments during one of the two Ashanti wars when the minds of English newspaper readers at least must have turned a little that way, and possibly, if the West African gold fields prove as rich as some think they are, and begin to equal both South Africa, Westralia, and the Klondyke in the production of money, then West Africa, or at least the Gold Coast Colony, may get a little more attention. But up to the present time I have been astounded at the utter oblivion as to the whole country which I have found among intelligent Europeans.

HEATHEN TERRITORIES.

Of the Congo even some people have heard more, and that territory more or less occurs to their minds when they think of West Africa at all. But that there are half a dozen different English territories, the majority of whose inhabitants are still heathen, all lying nearer to England than either the Congo or South Africa, is a fact as utterly forgotten as if thirty millions of dark fellow-subjects were only so many mosquitoes.

Have the mosquitoes caused all the forgetfulness? West Africa, Sierra Leone especially, has long had the name of being a "white man's grave," largely, as has recently been proved, because one sort of mosquito, by its bite, spreads the malarious poison which, rising from the swampy lands near the various settlements, produces fevers which often end fatally. But surely if it could be proved that the West African climate was an utterly destructive one, that would be the more reason for all earnest lovers of souls to wish to go there, or at least for everyone to desire to know all they could of their fellow-men living amongst such surroundings, and whether anything could be done for their spiritual and temporal good.

In my opinion there cannot be in West Africa greater risk to the life of a Salvation Army officer than in India, where so many of our comrades live far away from towns where any European help can be got. And amidst cholera and plague, besides all the more usual dangers of India, how marvelously God has preserved our white comrades' lives!

CONTEMPTIBLE TO SHRINK.

But put the risks to health in West Africa at the worst you can imagine, how contemptible would it be for an Army to be shrinking back on that account from a country where missionaries have been laying down their lives for a hundred years, and to which commercial men have been going, as well as soldiers and civilian officials, in ever-increasing numbers.

My present purpose is, however, mainly to urge the readers of the War Cry to earnestly consider this great bogie portion of the British world. Look at the African map until the grand sweep of British possessions round the western elbow of the country gets fixed in your memory, and bear up daily in your prayers your own messenger to all our comrades there, and those true comrades in heart who, for twelve years in some cases now, have been beseeching us to visit their country, or let them come and present it to us.

Right willingly do I promise a series of reports upon all I find there, and lest anyone should think my reports too rosy when they come thence, let me say beforehand that I know already there is no language capable of setting forth fully the beauty of their lands, which surpass even the West Indies in fertility, variety, and resources, or the splendid qualities of the warrior races inhabiting them, who have been mastered by means of modern arms; but who, under proper Salvation leadership, are capable of conquering all Africa for God I feel sure.

Bearing One Another's Burdens.

The law of sympathy is a branch of the universal law of love. Rather it is for this world the stem and body of that law. Christ requires of us nothing higher, nothing more. In requiring this, He contemplates our own infinite advancement and happiness, the fulfilment of every prophecy of our nature, and the rich, and full, and eternal attainment of the great purpose of God. This law of Christ, viewed thus as a law of fulfilment, how simple, yet how grand is it! To fulfil this law is to fulfil *all* laws. It is more than all burnt-offerings and sacrifices, more than all ceremonial and observance, more than all philosophy, more than all morality, more than all religion besides. The keeping of it is the completeness of duty, the substance of goodness, the secret of happiness, and the best preparation for the ineffable glories and joys of heaven. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—A. Raleigh, D.D.

Our Own Poor Way.

Many ways in life are uncertain, but one way in life is absolutely sure—our own way, and the end of it is misery. Having one's own way in life is like taking one's own way in an unknown wilderness—there is nothing possible but disaster. There is no place where the old word is more true—

Dame nature keeps the eternal school,
And grows keen twigs to flog the fool.

George Elliott says in "Middlemarch": "The mistakes we mortals make when we have our own way might fairly raise some wonder that we are so fond of it." The things we were very sick for, we have often gotten very sick of! Experience and wisdom are continually turning unto the Lord, and saying, "Show me Thy way." They cry with the Psalmist, "Teach me, O Jehovah, the way of Thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end." God grant that we may not have to learn this lesson by bitter experience; but God grant, too, that we may learn this lesson, even if it have to be by bitter experience.

Life's Best Always Ahead.

How common it is for one in mature or advanced life to wish that he were young again! And what a mistake this is! If one remembers joys that he had in former years let him be grateful for them, and know that better things, even if not the same as those, are yet before him. The best things to God's children are ever ahead, not behind. If he thinks of mistakes that he then made, let him be grateful that he has not to try the thing over again, lest he might do worse if he had another trial. If, indeed, he really can do better now, let him do so where and as he is, instead of showing his unfitness for the present by repining over the lost past.

Would you be young again?

So would not I.

One tear to mem'ry given,

Onward I'd hie—

Life's dark flood forded o'er,

All but at rest on shore—

Say, would you plunge once more

With home so nigh?

Miserliness.

Through every stage and revolution of life, the miser remains invariably the same: or if any difference, it is only this, that as he advances into the shade of a long evening, he clings closer and closer to the object of his idolatry; and while every other passion lies dead and blasted in his heart, his desire for more pelf increases with renewed eagerness, and he holds by a sinking world with an agonizing grasp, till he drops into the earth with the increased curses of wretchedness on his head, without the tribute of a tear from child or parent, or any inscription on his memory but that he lived to counteract the distributive justice of Providence, and died without hope or title to a blessed immortality.—W. B. Kirwan.

It is a great deal better to live holy than to talk about it.—Moody.

THE WAY TO BE MISSED.

There are those who strive, by large giving, to make a name for themselves, that people may rise up and call them blessed. I have just heard an account from a worker among the needy which shows how one who has no money may do this. It is as follows:

We employed a woman to work around our office who interested me. While others complained of aches, pains, and worries, she had never a complaint, though I knew she was not well, and had to support a sick husband. She sometimes asked for articles of food or clothing for others—not for herself.

One day she fell on the floor, having a hemorrhage, and was taken home. Soon word was brought that she was dying, and must see me. When I tried to find the street, a policeman said it was not a fit place to go; and when I told him the house I wanted, he declared it was not safe to enter it—it was condemned by the Board of Health, not being fit to live in. However, I was not afraid, though when I entered and found the boards giving way beneath my feet, I began to think he told the truth. It was a terrible place, but away up under the roof I found the dying saint in a room that was as sweet and clean as care could make it, and bright with flowers and growing plants.

The kind doctor was trying to keep her alive until she could speak the message she was eager to tell me. I bent down to catch her faint whispers.

"My husband, there is no one to care for him."

I replied, "I will see that he is cared for."

"And there is the poor cripple."

I gave the same promise.

"And the blind girl."

"I will provide for her."

"Then there is a colored girl—she will go astray again if no one says a kind word to her."

"I will be her friend."

"And the Italian widow with six children. Who will help her?"

I said her husband should tell me all about them, and I would see that all were helped.

Then she passed to her reward. The funeral was in a beautiful Episcopal Church, packed to the doors with poor people who longed to look on one who had loved them. The blind girl felt her way to the coffin, and reverently touched the face of her one friend. The cripple hobbled up on crutches. A gaily-dressed colored girl bent over the coffin and sobbed, "Who will give me a word of warning now?" The widow was there, and each of the six children was lifted to look upon his benefactress, while tears and sobs all over the church showed the sorrow of those who would sorely miss that poor woman who had done what she could.—Ram's Horn.

Sharp and Short.

Your life is somebody's Bible.

We are responsible for the sins we do not hate.

If you would please God, be much in His company.

When you bury a quarrel do not set up a stone over its grave.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

When a man is wrong, and won't admit it, he usually gets angry.

Every sin is a mistake; the epitaph for the sinner is: "Thou fool."

Beware, lest the vices we scoff at in others laugh at us within ourselves.

We are to be epistles of God, walking Bibles, but we may all have different bindings.

A Christian never falls asleep in the fire or in the water, but grows drowsy in the sunshine.

The worst sins are small, continuous vices. White ants pick a carcass sooner than a lion will.

The way to be righted yourself is to be careful not to wrong others. With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow: It sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him—it is sometimes longer and shorter than his natural size.

The Sacred Tenth;

Or, Studies in Ancient Tithe-Giving

VIII.—THE PELASGI, BRITONS, AND GERMAN-SAXONS.

After the testimony adduced concerning tithe-giving by Roman sovereigns, generals, merchants, farmers, lawyers, and people in general, let us enquire lastly, what traces of the custom are to be found among other ancient Pagan nations of Europe.

Let us begin with that very primitive people, the Pelasgi, who spread over the Mediterranean in prehistoric times, and accounts of whom are in great part mythical. Nevertheless, we read of the sea-going Pelasgi, that they gave the tenth of their gains by merchandise, according to the direction of the oracle, which they had consulted at Dodona, to Phœbus (another name of Apollo) at Delphi. Also a branch of the Pelasgi, settled in Umbria in Italy, in a dearth and a great scarcity of all things, vowed, upon plenty being sent to them, to give the tenth of all unto Jupiter, Apollo, and the Cabiri; that is the deities of Samothracia, supposing that this misery and scarcity came upon them for their former neglect and contempt. Upon this vow of amendment, they had their desire; plenty was sent them; and then, setting aside the dedicated portion, the tenth of all their increase, they offered it to those deities.

Again, in Sicily, a ruler named Gelon, having defeated the Carthaginians at Himera in the autumn of 480 B.C., and slain 150,000 of them, reserved the best and principal of the spoils, meaning to adorn and honor the temple at Syracuse. Of what remained he reserved another portion which he dedicated in the principal temples of Himera: the residue, he divided among his soldiers and confederates.

After this we may pass from the Mediterranean, and notice the testimony of Julius Cæsar, who seemed to say of the ancient Gauls, that their custom was to give, in effect, all they took in war to their gods, and also to sacrifice the cattle thus taken.

The same custom probably existed amongst the ancient Britons and German-Saxons; for Sidonius Apollinaris, about the middle of the fifth century, mentions that the German-Saxons were wont to sacrifice to the god of the sea (perhaps Neptune) the tenth of all captives taken in their piracies and incursions made by sea, especially upon the Gauls. Once more, we are told of Cædwalla, King of the West Saxons (685-688), that before his being made Christian, he was wont to tithe all his spoils of war to the deity.

To summarize, then, our testimony concerning tithe-giving in ancient Europe, it would seem that we have such ancient people as the Pelasgi and the Sicilians, and afterwards Roman dictators, lawyers, and farmers, together with Gauls, and even Britons and Saxons, paying tithes, of which we are informed by such eminent writers as Plutarch, Cicero, Varro, Julius Cæsar, Pliny, and others; their testimony confirming, and adding to, that of previous writers already quoted; and tending to show that the Greeks, Romans, and all other principal civilized, but Pagan nations of early Europe recognized it as a religious duty to offer a part of their property to the gods; the proportion offered being to the whole, rarely less, but in some cases more, than a tenth.

What, then, is suggested by this array of facts from non-Biblical sources concerning tithe-giving from early Europe, Africa, and Western Asia?

When grammarians and philologists observe that many words of a class, belonging, for instance, to agriculture, linger in use among people widely separated, and having no visible connection with one another, these students of comparative tongues infer that at some time in the remote past, the ancestors of such peoples must have lived together, and spoken such words in a common tongue.

And such philological observations, comparisons, and inferences, are called "scientific." The late Professor Max Müller, for instance, contends similarly for the original unity of the human race, thus: "From the most widely separated nationalities of the old world, we find proofs of the existence of primeval doctrines, theories of cosmical, religious, political, and even

social character, so similar in detail that the hypothesis of their common origin in some region that had been historically and geographically the centre of all their peoples seems to be completely established."

Let us, then, treat the facts before us in a similarly scientific manner. We have traced the practice of tithe-giving into almost every known country of importance in the ancient world. But when did the practice begin? Roman history takes us no further back, as regards dates, than when the two boys were suckled by a she-wolf; nor does Grecian history go far behind the Trojan war; both these events being generally regarded as legendary. Egyptian hieroglyphics conduct us into a much remoter history, as also the cuneiform inscriptions of Western Asia. But though the earliest historical records seem to bear witness to the existence of the practice of tithe-giving, yet have we found no secular inscription, not even in the code of Hammurabi (which has come under my notice since writing this article), that tells us when or where tithe-giving began, or who issued the law for its observance.

What, then, is to be done? Are all sources of information exhausted? Can we get no farther than the above negative result? There is one document—the book of Genesis—that is generally received as most ancient and the most reliable of any history of the human race, and of some of its manners and customs; and to this, accordingly, we shall turn in succeeding papers to see whether, perchance, it may suggest when and where the practice of tithe-giving began, and who first promulgated the law for its observance.—Henry Lansdell, D.D.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

It has been said that if the press could be captured and employed in the service of God it would soon convert the world. The press moulds public opinion upon most questions of the day. Civilization and the newspapers are inseparable. The former does not exist long without the other; the glory of the free man is his free press.

Unfortunately, all newspapers are not reputable; they pander to the weaknesses and follies of human nature, thereby

DOING INCALCULABLE HARM.

Of this number are the scurrilous periodicals that for some mysterious reason or other rather deride religion, sneer at morality, and regularly "dish up" for the delectation of their readers all the immoralities and scandals that can be collected from all sources. Invariably such journals identify themselves with the social life and political aspirations of the working man, by whom they are largely read. No man can persistently read them without detriment to his mind and soul.

These papers seldom see any good quality in any benevolent or charitable work that is initiated through religious impulses.

THE WORK IS MISREPRESENTED

and defamed in the most shameless and untruthful manner. On the other hand, the gambling, drinking, and pleasure-seeking habits of the people have complete prominence. The evil influence of a vitiated literature is incalculable; it sows the seed of every crime, and takes its victims even to the gallows.

If human life were threatened by individual conduct, the culprit would not be at large many hours. Why should not some speedy retribution overtake the transgressor who ruins men's characters, and sows seeds of impurity, lawlessness and lying, in the minds of young and old? Such an one

ought to be prevented

from following the pernicious occupation which the continued publication of an infamous newspaper assuredly becomes.

The publication of newspapers calculated to counteract these evils must be a source of gratification to honest men. It is not generally known to what extent this publication war is waged. All the "low down rags" and the "yellow-backed trash," appeal to the animal propensities, while the clean and moral literature strives to elevate the people. There can be no question that evil press matter preponderates, counteracting the influence of both Sunday-school and pulpit. The Salvation Army press is

all for purity, morality, and God. Our printing works exist to flood the world with healthy and holy reading matter.

Auxiliary Column.

(Continued from last week.)

WHY THEY HELP US.

Because our missionary operations are carried on among ten or more different races in India, and four in Africa. It is extending in these countries, as well as in Japan, South Sea Islands, etc., etc.

Because our Rescue Work is admitted by philanthropists, statesmen, and ministers everywhere to be unique in its results—551 girls passed through the twelve Rescue Homes in this Territory; of these 265 were sent to situations, 168 were sent to relatives or friends.

Because their money will assist in training officers for this great work of social amelioration.

Because our prison operations are so conducive to arresting the course of crime. Last year in this Territory alone 610 prisoners were met on day of discharge; of these 449 were given employment or temporary help; 149 professed conversion.

Because our Labor Bureaux in this Territory alone found temporary or permanent employment for 1,032 persons. Our Enquiry Department found 58 out of 228 missing persons enquired for by friends.

Because 83,101 beds, and 70,990 meals were supplied, and temporary employment found in our Shelters for 2,311 persons in this Territory last year.

HOW THEY HELP US.

One way is by joining the Auxiliary League. The Auxiliary League is composed of those persons who, while not, perhaps, endorsing and approving every method used by the Army, are sufficiently in sympathy with the great work of reclaiming drunkards, rescuing the fallen and saving the lost, as to give it their prayers, influence, and money.

Subscribers are asked to contribute a fee of five dollars per annum. This sum, after deducting cost of publication sent and stationery, will be devoted to the Army's work for destitute children, unfortunate women, and ex-prisoners. Auxiliaries are supplied with a small ticket, bearing the official recognition of Headquarters, together with their name and number, which admits them to any public meeting in Canada, Newfoundland, North-Western America, and Bermuda, and ensures for them a hearty welcome in Army circles at home and abroad. A small, neat badge is sent to each member of the Auxiliary League, which, if so inclined, they can wear to denote their membership. A copy of the War Cry will be mailed free to each member weekly, or if preferred All the World, or The Deliverer will be sent monthly, after payment of subscription.

We confidently look to Auxiliaries to show their sympathy and help by (1st) praying for us, and especially joining our comrades at 12 o'clock each day, when the soldiers of the Salvation Army, at home and abroad, pray for one another and the salvation of the world. (2nd) By using their influence, letting it be known in their own circle that they believe in us; occasionally, at least, attending our meetings; helping to interpret our cause to those who, through ignorance, misunderstand us; by distributing our literature and making known the principles of holiness and truth for which the Army has stood since its birth. (3rd) By gifts; assisting us in supplying funds for the current work and the constant fresh opportunities which we are constrained to seize at home and abroad for spreading salvation.

The value of our friends to the work is untold. They make possible greater efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and unfortunate. They assist us in our work of binding up the broken-hearted and preaching glad tidings of great joy to them that are bound. If it is "more blessed to give than to receive," our friends are not losers by their association with this work. The blessing comes back in a hundredfold reward to their own hearts.

Auxiliaries can always have the fullest information if they will write to Headquarters.

A Pen Sketch of the Consul's Life.

Happy Childhood—Delicate Health—Early Conversion—Her Children's Meetings—The Founding of Our Training System—Marriage—India—United States.

IT was Sunday morning, the 8th of January, 1860. Mr. Booth had been announced to take the service at Bethesda Chapel. But the expectant congregation were disappointed when, after a whispered conversation, one of them commenced the meeting with an apology for their beloved pastor's unavoidable absence. The service had not, however, proceeded far when Mr. Booth himself appeared, and was able not only to preach the anticipated sermon, but to make the happy announcement that another little woman-warrior had just been added to their ranks, one whose life, with God's blessing, should be a practical illustration of the truths laid down in 'Female Ministry.' It was a bright omen for the future that Emma Moss Booth was born within a few days of the publication of her mother's stirring pamphlet, and she was still an infant in her arms when the public ministry commenced which was to open the doors of usefulness, not only to Mrs. Booth's own daughters, but to multitudes of womankind.

"It was while she was lying still weak and suffering, her babe in her bosom, that Mrs. Booth received what was without doubt an inward urging of the Holy Spirit to consecrate herself to the ministry which she had so powerfully defended on behalf of others. She applied her pamphlet to herself. She had always been fully convinced that it was lawful for women to preach the Gospel, as much as for men. But that it was their duty to rise up and do it under pain of the divine displeasure was altogether another aspect of the question. Least of all did she contemplate, when writing the paper, that she would be singled out by Providence to pioneer the way. But a sick-bed allows opportunity for reflection which is often impossible in the busy routine of every-day life. She was forced to face the natural consequences of her own teachings, and to realize that what was permissible became a duty where the necessary qualifications were possessed."

Three months after this Mrs. Booth began her public work, destined to become so far-reaching in its consequences upon her own generation and those then unborn.

Her Happy Childhood.

Emma had a happy childhood, and at an early age freed her mother from all care. From the age of eleven Mrs. Booth remarks that she had "no trouble with Emma, but could safely leave her younger children in her and Willie's (now the Chief of the Staff) charge." These two had a special love for each other.

Emma's heart went out in intense sympathy toward the suffering of any man or dumb animal. To see others suffer was much more painful than to suffer herself.

Mrs. Booth says of her, "One of Emma's first and most painful lessons in self-sacrifice was the giving me up from a Saturday evening to the following Monday morning, to go a long way off to help Jesus to save sinners." Many a time have I watched her tearful face pressed to the nursery window pane, as she tried to keep sight of the receding cab as it bore me away, making the parting no less painful to me than to herself. The moment I had disappeared Emma would rush up to her bed-room to unburden her grief to her Saviour, reminding Him that she gave me up for His sake, and asking Him to keep me safe and help me to save lots of sinners. And generally the first voice to welcome me back was Emma's.

At the age of seven the child professed conversion, but her tender conscience made her often doubt the reality of the change, when she found that she still got out of temper with others. Determined to settle her doubts finally, she came out and gave herself once more fully to God in a meeting when eleven years old.

From her youngest days she seemed to have a peculiar power in prayer, and among her brothers and sisters there was a profound conviction that her prayers were heard and answered, and many a petition was sent up for the saving of

poor sinners, or for "Ma's heart to be touched" towards the granting of favors.

The Lobster Incident.

One of the incidents probably known to a number of our readers shows the early tendency to progressively wage the battles of the weak.

One evening a fisherman's wife had been selling lobsters, and in her way had told the cook how they were placed alive in cold water, over a fire, and slowly boiled to death, also how they wriggle and scream in the process, and one of them had jumped clean out of the pot.

Emma had been listening to the tale, and pale and horror-struck ran to Willie to tell him of the cruelty. Indignant at the tale, her brother offered to write at once, but Emma would hear of nothing less than going at once to see Mrs. Brown, the fisherman's wife, and put things right.

At length her earnest pleadings won, and she was sent with the nurse three miles into the country to see the perpetrators of that cruel act. The aged couple had gone to rest, but quickly dressed and let in their late visitors.

With quivering lip and language inspired by indignation for injustice done to dumb victims, she pleaded their cause, and spoke of the fearful judgment on each wrong committed, and finally so put down their excuses that the old people wept and cried to God for pardon.

Owing to the accident which befell Emma, and which badly crushed three of her fingers and shocked her nervous system very greatly, she was unable, at an early age, to do much public work, for which she was eminently qualified.

But work she must. So she gathered for a weekly meeting whatever children she could find—rich and poor alike. Those who needed it were well brushed and scrubbed before being ushered into the school-room. Her sister Eva, though very young, was her tireless helper, and the two used to sing, and talk, and pray, and rejoice over the row of tiny penitents.

The Beginning of Our Training Homes.

At sixteen a serious illness interrupted these meetings. When strength came back Miss Booth drifted into the less taxing work of teaching a few mission girls, who had no educational advantages. Then she began a sort of girls' class—a combination of holiness meeting and Bible class—wherein she laid the foundation for her future lectures to Cadets. Meanwhile she was gaining great influence with the "women evangelists of the mission," as the "Army officers" were then called. And here she began to manifest a rare "ability to inspire others with her own sentiment and spirit, and send them forth to put such inspiration into practice."

By this time the General's work was assuming such proportions that the need of even training Cadets had become necessary, and so Miss Emma Booth became the first Army Training Home Principal. With wonderful success she devoted twelve years to this work. Much rough and unlikely material was made into fine statues to the glory of God during these years. Leading Staff Officers in prominent positions throughout the world received their early training in those days. Altogether 3,000 women-Cadets were trained and Commissioned during the supervision of Miss Emma Booth.

The deep, yearning love she had for her women-Cadets could scarcely be understood at any stage of shallow Christian experience. Her long patience with anyone she believed good at bottom was a thing more evident upon the surface. So long as it was possible she kept up personal correspondence with every woman in the field, to the number of 700, and her letters were a real answering of theirs.

"If any of our girls had been naughty," said a Staff Officer, "they could never bear the face of 'Mother.' One day we heard a cry from her room, and rushing up found that she had fainted. The news had just reached her of one of her officers proving unfaithful, and so keen was the anguish that she actually swooned away. If any of her girls were sick she would watch

by them herself, and give them their medicine or packs."

On April 10th, 1888, Miss Emma Moss Booth was married to Frederick de Lantour Tucker, the pioneer and Commissioner of the Salvation Army in India, who gave up a judgeship and brilliant prospects to become a poor, bare-footed apostle of the Indian Salvation Army. At the wedding banquet \$25,000 were subscribed by friends towards the Indian Army Mission Fund.

The Call to India.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker had always had a longing for missionary work, and was ready to be anything in order to become a blessing to the Hindoos. Mrs. Booth, her mother, in speaking of the union at the wedding, said:

"When the contemplation of this union was first put before me, I confess I found more of the mother left in me than the soldier. . . I saw at a glance what this marriage involved, and as I thought of her value to the war in this country, and especially to those who are so dear to me and to my principles—our female officers all over the world—I staggered. The first impulse was to resist, and say, 'No, it cannot be.' Then I remembered, 'But she is not yours; you gave her at her birth, and you have given her ever since. You have kept her on the altar, and now God wants to go a step in advance of your notions of what you think will be for physical well-being, are you going to draw back?' I looked up to heaven and said, 'No, Lord, she is Thine. Whatever it may cost, Thou shalt have her for this particular service, if Thou dost want her.'"

The Consul's labors in India were cut short by a severe sickness, but not until she had impressed her character upon the country, our officers, and the Indian field as a whole, where her memory is blessed. Returning to England to regain health, she was a great comfort to her dying mother during the last months of her great suffering, and was present at the death-bed of that saint.

The Last Command.

In June, 1896, the General appointed the Consul and Commander to the command of the Army forces in the United States. The outlook was dark, but the great faith, the incessant activity, tact, and genuine sympathy of the Consul, aided by the many-sided Commander, infused new life in that branch of our world-wide Army, and to-day the statistics show such a remarkable increase in all departments that is a standing wonder to even the optimistic observer. Over 2,300 officers and Cadets are now at work in that vast field, comprising 715 corps and outposts and 110 Social Institutions.

Her last tour was a soul-saving tour. "Let us go for souls," was her aim in all things, especially recently. When, after a lecture given in one of the finest halls of the country, to a crowd of thousands of sympathizing listeners, she conducted a soul-saving meeting at the Bowery, New York, where a score of souls knelt at the penitent form, she turned to the Commander, saying, "Fritz, now I am happy! Let us have more soul-saving meetings."

Suddenly her caudle has been extinguished. It is all a mystery to us, but she has passed beyond the veil—henceforth a stranger to suffering—but now reigning with the Lord in Glory.

She lived and died for others.

There are fourteen French polishers working at the Joinery works, Hanbury Street, at the present time, and they are kept busy all the day long.

Twelve hundred cheap meals were supplied at the Whitechapel Food Depot in one day. This Shelter is full up twenty-five minutes after the doors are opened, scores having to be turned away.

There is a fine company of saved men now at the Whitechapel Shelter. The latest recruit was once a professional musician, who plays the guitar and mandolin in a masterly fashion.

There are more workless tradesmen employed in the Hanbury Street Joinery Works just now than the officer in charge has ever seen there before.

Seats for Chippenham's barracks, and lockers for the Birmingham Rescue Home, are among the orders being executed at the Hanbury Street Works.

The Carnegie Hall Memorial Service.

An Immense Crowd Gathered on Sunday Afternoon, November 1st, to Pay Their Tribute of Love and Honor to the Remains of the Consul A Great Meeting -Indescribable Influences Pervaded the Gathering.

A vast sympathetic concourse of all classes of New York's citizens filled the immense area of Carnegie Hall early on Sunday afternoon, while thousands thronged the sidewalks unable to gain entrance.

That the deepest sympathy with the bereaved and sincere love and true appreciation of the Consul's exquisite character pervaded the assembly was especially manifest when, to the subdued strains of the funeral march the sad cortege entered the hall. Six Colonels bore the coffin, followed by the grief-stricken Commander, with bowed head, the weeping children, and the Staff Officers of the National Headquarters, the Provinces, and representatives from Canada. There was scarcely a dry eye to be seen, and many a stout heart broke into loud sobs. The emotion of that great throng was so intense at times that it surpasses description.

A wealth of beautiful floral tributes was displayed around the coffin. On the platform Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Booth and their eldest son, Victor, took their place with the mourning family.

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," was sung with a greater sense of realization and fitness, and to our heart once again came the keen knowledge of "change and decay" ever at work around us.

Lieut.-Colonel Brengle lifted us all to the Throne of the Omnipotent Consoler in an earnest and heart-stirring prayer. A responsive reading of the service from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, "But now is Christ risen from the dead," was followed by a solo sung by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Durand—

"She fell like a warrior,
She died at her post."

Then Colonel Higgins briefly introduced various representative speakers.

Major Carr, the Consul's faithful and devoted helper in the home, with tear-choked voice, spoke of the Consul as "a most tender-hearted mother as ever lived," and of her own great loss of a personal friend as well as a great leader.

A Provincial Officer.

Lieut.-Colonel McIntyre, in whose Province the Consul conducted her last campaign, offered a tribute to her memory which thrilled all hearts. He was one of the many thousands who loved the Consul, and the happiest of his twenty years' officership were those spent under her leadership. He could not find words sufficiently to express the loss, nor his sympathy with the General, the Commander, and the children. When making arrangements for the Consul's recent meetings in his Province, she had written him that they would be spiritual meetings, and to announce a soul-saving campaign. There should not be any lectures, any special efforts of explaining Army work, or getting funds—but pure and simple soul-saving meetings, for the pushing of the claims of Jesus Christ upon sinners!

He could never forget this last series of meetings, their inspiration and their results. Three weeks ago the Consul was noticing in her meeting in a Buffalo theatre, an officer pleading with a sinner. Calling Lieut.-Colonel McIntyre to her side, she said, "There is a man that's in earnest. Step down and ask the man to come forward."

"Consul," the Lieutenant-Colonel replied, "twenty years ago this man pleaded with me on behalf of my soul; to-day he is a miserable backslider. For six years I have tried to get him saved, without avail." But the Consul insisted on him taking a message from her to the man, who in another moment was kneeling in the row of penitents, while the Consul's beautiful angel-hand was laid on his shoulder. One word expressed her attitude—"Desperation." This was noticed in her public meetings, in her private talk, in the railway carriage, or wherever she might have been, she was desperately in earnest to save sinners. For five years she had

interested him in the Rescue Work and had urged him on to do his utmost. Now the Consul's desire had about been realized, and he had come with the plans of one of the finest Social Institutions of the country to New York, alas! too late.

"My life shall be more earnest and more desperate over the salvation of the world through her inspiration and example. Here is my heart and my hand, Commander, I will do anything to help you and to please her," concluded the Lieutenant-Colonel. While he was shaking the Commander's hand the weeping leader, fell upon his neck, and sobs of sympathy were audible all over the house.

Mrs. Brigadier Johnson, who has been the Consul's Private Secretary for over twelve years, spoke of the Christlikeness of the Consul's character, and of her readiness to go to the palace of the rich or the hut of the heathen in the interest of God's work. She had been with her in India, in England, and in the United States, and it seemed one word was written on all her character and work—"Eternity."

The Consul was a leader, but also a woman's woman. She knew woman's weakness and suffering, and she tried to lift womanhood to heaven. She felt an inexpressible loss of a leader and a friend.

The Chief Secretary.

On behalf of the officers and soldiers of the Army, Colonel Higgins, the Chief Secretary, spoke very feelingly. He understood their love for the Consul, their knowledge of her work, and their appreciation of her character. "We all stand weeping by this casket," the Colonel said, "and as we try to look beyond the shadow to the side where the sun still shines, we find it very, very hard. It is walking by naked faith."

"Her influence had been felt all over the world, and so will be this great sorrow. There was not a soldier in the country who was not dazed since that great shock came."

"Her love was ever given to help mankind," continued the Colonel. "It was my privilege to almost incessantly travel with the Consul. The large command necessitated that the Commander and Consul should be separated very much. We traveled a hundred thousand miles, and you will understand the feelings of my great loss. I have watched her in her meetings, I have seen her dealing with her officers, I have been with her when the great responsibilities and difficulties of the war have been upon her, and I have found her good, and pure, and true—a woman of women. When others criticized an unfortunate comrade, she would always say, 'But he is sick, or discouraged.' I have lost more than a leader—my dearest friend."

Ensign Hester Dammas, who was one of the Consul's Secretaries, was with her in the fatal wreck, and described that tragic event vividly. Her statement is given in another place. The Ensign prayed while the Consul's spirit was passing away and closed her eyes in death.

Colonel Higgins followed by reading the General's message, printed in full on another page, after which the

The Bereaved Commander.

rose to speak. It was a trying moment, but sorrow met sympathy, while God came marvelously to his aid. When his voice could find words through choking tears, he said:

"My heart is broken, crushed with this sorrow. I never understood that cry of Christ on the cross, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' as now. But her spirit is here, and she says, 'Be brave, be brave!' My sorrow is yours; you have learned to love her. I want not one rebellious thought to come into my heart, nor into yours. I want not one thought of unbelief enter my mind, nor your mind. Sometime ago I was in a large gathering speaking to a man inviting him to get saved. 'Your words are thrown away on me,' said the man; 'I want to

hear nothing of God. One year ago my wife was crushed in a railway wreck. If your beautiful wife was killed in a railway wreck, you would turn and curse God.'

Still Trusting in God.

If that man is here this afternoon I'll tell him that not one rebellious thought came into my mind since I received the shocking news.

"Not long ago a woman said to me, 'I have no further use for religion since my husband fell dead into my arms. If your lovely wife was to fall dead into your arms you also would give up religion.' If this woman is here I will tell her that my heart, crushed and broken, yet looks up to God and says, 'Thy will be done.'"

"Although this precious darling (pointing to the casket) has been killed in a wreck I can still look up to God and say, 'I love Thee,' and 'Yea, though He slay me yet will I trust Him.' When of late, when we have been singing that beautiful chorus with the lines—

"Ask what Thou wilt my devotion to test
Gladly I give Thee the dearest and best,"

in a sort of secret reservation I have half thought, 'Oh, don't ask that, Lord,' and yet I've not dared to mention it—no, not even to the Lord; but here He has asked even that."

To contain the flood of feeling that rose to eyes and lips seemed utterly impossible, but still God helped, and our leader went on.

Touchingly the Commander referred to the recent meeting in the Bowery, when the Consul suggested to have a coffin in front of the platform, to arouse the indifferent crowd to solemn thought. Some officer thought it might be a little drastic. "I will ask for the coffin myself," said the Consul. She wrote and the undertaker replied: "Gladly I loan you a casket for such a good purpose, but may it be many years before you shall require one."

The Commander referred to the Consul as a wife and as a mother in simple, touching words, which, with their sincere ring awoke echos of deepest sympathy in all hearts. He also related an incident which a General of the U. S. army, who had been in the wreck, had told him in Chicago. When the Consul was lying unconscious upon the platform the General noticed a movement of the hand, and for the sake of her absent loved ones held that slender hand until life had ceased. He, the Commander, remembered the words of Mrs. General Booth, who said to her children, when she was dying, "Watch my hand; the hand often can speak when the voice fails," and when her voice had failed she lifted her finger and pointed to the motto on the wall, "My grace is sufficient for thee." So the Consul's hand was reaching down from the sky to still let us feel her love, her inspiration, and her encouragement. We must go on and continue her work.

All heads were bowed in prayer, while

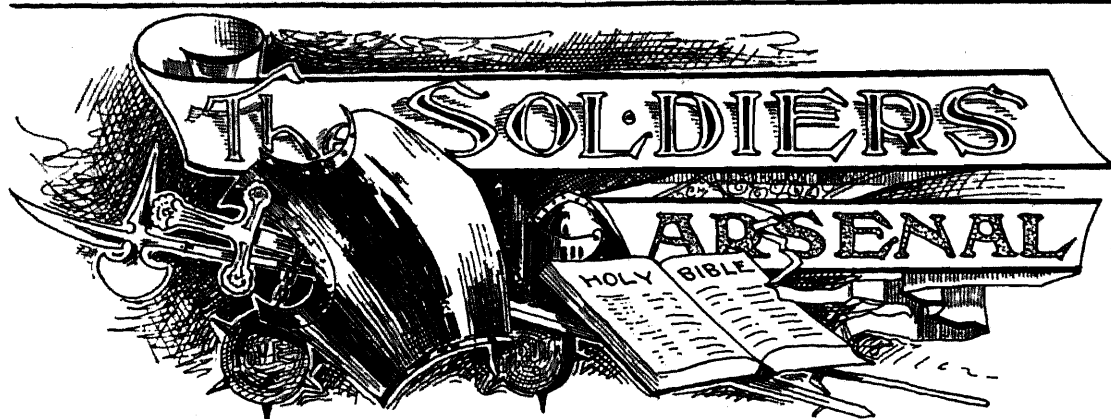
The Field Commissioner.

Miss Eva Booth, prayed fervently, though feebly. The shock had been too much for her. She had been expected to speak, but was physically unable to do so. Let us earnestly remember her in our prayers, that God, in His great and unsearchable mercies may restore her and spare her to us and this world, so sadly in need of self-sacrificing leaders.

In the evening a great service was held in the Memorial Hall at the National Headquarters. It was a very precious meeting; many beautiful things were said and the Commander again spoke at length. He is being sustained in a marvelous manner. "I want to be as near my darling's remains as long as possible, and must be here to-night," he said. Several touching incidents are so beautiful that we shall take occasion to fully reprint them in our next issue, our space being too limited this week.

Nearly a score of souls found salvation at the foot of the casket. Praised be God!

Commissioner Kilbey is on his way to London, Eng., from Cape Town, on important Territorial business. He will be absent from his command seven or eight weeks, returning in time for his Christmas demonstrations. In the meantime our African comrades will enjoy to the full the helpful inspiration of "Fiery Elijah"—Commissioner Cadman.



Notes on Genesis.

Chapter XXVII.

ISAAC BLESSING HIS SONS.

Some thirty-six years have passed since Esau's marriage, and the twin brothers both remain in their father's household at Beersheba. There seems no probability that the purchased birthright will be of any avail to Jacob, who is now seventy-seven years of age.

Isaac has reached the age of one hundred and thirty-seven years, and is probably impressed with a feeling of approaching death, and has, therefore, a strong desire to bless his elder son before that takes place. Controlled by his partiality for Esau, because of his love for the savory game he procured, Isaac wilfully ignores the birthright secured by Jacob, and proposes to give the firstborn his dying benediction.

The blessing of the patriarch in the chosen family leads us beyond the sphere of nature to that of grace. In virtue of the covenant relation, which in this case pervades and determines everything, the pneumatic power of the Divine Gospel of salvation is here joined with the physical power of a father's blessing or curse. Human freedom is here allied with divine necessity.

Rebekah, seeing Isaac's determination to act the opposite to the conditions of the birthright, determines to thwart his purpose. She not only acts deceitfully herself, but makes Jacob a partaker in her wrong. How many a mother has had cause for regret because of the example she has given her children in her own conduct.

Jacob was half inclined to hesitate, because of the possibility of being cursed instead of blessed, but Rebekah has no fear in this regard, and soon found the means by providing the goat skin, for making detection seem impossible.

Scarcely has the old patriarch eaten of the venison and bestowed his blessing than Esau comes upon the scene with his savory dish.

It we could comprehend all that was conveyed by the father's blessing in those days, we should equally understand the keen disappointment and sorrow Esau felt when he realized that, for the second time, his brother had robbed him of that which was the most to be valued by an elder son.

"Hast thou but one blessing, my father?" is Esau's despairing wail. Isaac was able to bestow small blessings upon Esau, but the chief one had been stolen by Jacob.

What infinite satisfaction there is to the Christian in the realization that no one can steal the blessing God holds for each. We can lose it, or forfeit it, but it is by our own action, since none can steal it.

May our lives meet those conditions upon which His blessings are promised, and then we shall have a renewed experience day by day.

Our Sacred Charter.

IV.—THE PROPHETICAL BOOKS.

3.—LAMENTATIONS.

The book of Lamentations consists of five poems, whose subject is the sufferings of Judah and Jerusalem during the siege, and subsequent to the capture of the city by the Chaldeans (B.C. 586). The description of the woes of the people is interspersed with confessions of sin, exhortations to repentance, and supplications for a return of the divine favor.

Each of the five poems is complete in itself, and forms a well-rounded whole, independent of its predecessor and successor. This was admitted even by Eichhorn, who ascribed all the five to Jeremiah, but held that they were com-

posed by the Prophet at different times, and when in different moods.

The external evidence of the date and authorship of the book rests entirely on the preface in the seventh chapter: "And it came to pass, that after Israel was led captive, and Jerusalem was laid waste, Jeremiah sat weeping, and lamented with this lamentation over Jerusalem:" which is followed by Josephus and others. The internal evidence connects it in style and subject matter so closely with the book of Jeremiah's prophecies as to leave no doubt as to the authorship. Some have supposed it to be the lamentations over the death of Josiah (2 Chron. xxxv. 25) mentioned by Josephus as extant in his time, but this conjecture does not accord with the tone of these poems, which evidently portray Jerusalem in ruins, and leave no doubt that they were composed after its destruction by Nebuchadnezzar.

Instruction Drill.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

XXI.—HONESTY.

Honesty is truth in action. To lie is to cheat a man with your lips, to be dishonest is to cheat him with your actions. A true Salvationist will avoid every appearance of dishonesty.

He will pay his just debts as far as he has ability, including even debts for drink or other bad things contracted before conversion.

He will not go into debt without a reasonable expectation of being able to pay. Taking goods on credit when a man does not expect to be able to pay for them at the given time is very nearly as bad as stealing them right off. The man who steals an article takes it without any intention of paying for it, the other takes it although he knows he will probably not be able to pay for it.

It is a great deal better to avoid debt altogether. Debt in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is a bad thing, and a soldier will be far happier in going without things than having them and not being able to pay for them.

He will not cheat in trade. He will not deceive people by making them believe that things are more valuable than they are, either on his own account or for any master.

He will not be deluded into doing these things by any of the devilish arguments that prevail with the dishonest world around him, such as custom—they all do it—you must live—earthly gains—doing good with the money—or supporting a family.

The Royal Path of Life.

Take life earnestly. Take it as an earnest, vital, essential matter. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a noble task in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be, a broken-hearted brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Now and then a man stands by the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous.

Has the laborer in God's vineyard no rest? No; he has enlisted for eternal service. Has he no joy? Yes; to serve is to enjoy.

Thoughts on the Bible.

There are no words on earth like those contained in the book of heaven—none that come so directly home to the heart, or plead so eloquently and forcibly to the judgment. They are shafts polished by God, and the Bible is the quiver wherein He has laid them.—Dr. Davies.

Homer, Virgil, and other noble, fine, and profitable writers, have left us books of great antiquity; but they are naught to the Bible.—Luther.

There are fords in the Bible for lambs, and there are deep waters where elephants swim.—Desmarests.

The disciples plucked the wheat-heads, and rubbing them in their hands, they ate the grain. But our sceptical believers take from the Bible its supernatural element—rub out the wheat and eat the chaff.—H. W. Beecher.

If the religion of the Bible is not the true religion, one is very excusable in being deceived; for everything in it is grand and worthy of God.—Napoleon I.

The mission of the Bible is to conquer the age, and not to yield to it, to ally with itself, indeed all truth and all progress, but to impress on all its own sublime identity. Like the immortal letters of Cadmus—which are indeed its own—the Bible passes on to mingle with the thought and speech of all lands and all centuries.—Prof. Caird.

The Bible has lessons for all conditions; it brings upon the scene both the lowly and the great; it reveals equally to both the love of God, and unveils in both the same miseries. It addresses itself to children, and it is often children that show us their way to heaven and the great things of Jehovah. It addresses itself to shepherds and herdsmen, and it is often shepherds and herdsmen who lift up their voices there and reveal to us the character of God. It speaks to kings and to scribes, and it is often the kings and scribes that teach us there man's wretchedness, humiliation, confession, and prayer.—Prof. Gaussen.

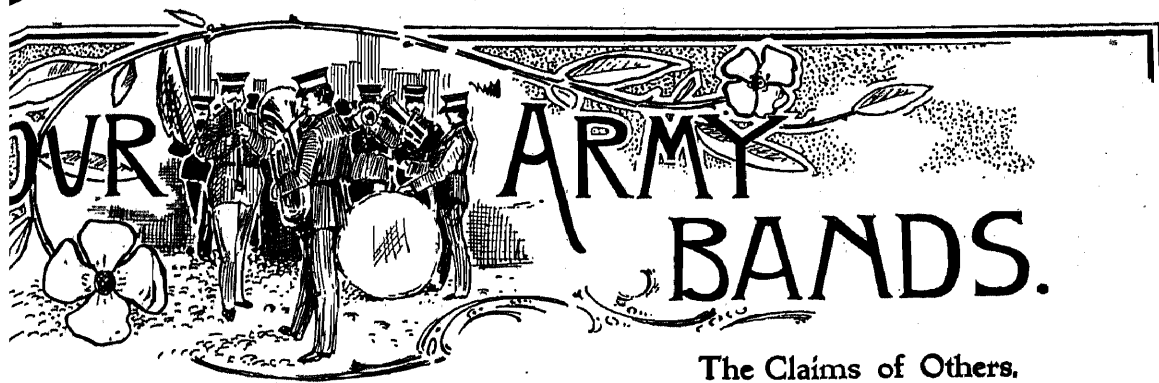
Philosophy is indebted here for the noblest of her maxims; poetry for the loftiest of her themes; painting has gathered here her noblest inspiration; music has ransacked these golden stories for the grandest of her strains; and if there be life in the church of Christ, where is that torch lighted but at these same undying altar-fires?—Dr. Macduff.

The Bible, as the Word of God, is the only legitimate appeal on all questions of doctrine, as well as in the determination of all principles of practice.—Bishop Jackson.

Some have said that if the Bible had been written in a beautiful essay it would have been far more satisfactory to the minds of the educated, and no less instructive to the less enlightened. I think not; it would have been a dull and dry book; it would have made a far feeble impression upon the hearts of the bulk of mankind; but by using men of every cast and turn of mind and thought, and pouring through these, as channels, the truth of God, we have God's truth in all the various idiosyncrasies of men—in all the formulas of human speech; so that there is no peculiarity of taste, of temperament, or talent, or character, that will not find something in the Bible suited to it, and calculated to inspire the soul of him who reads it.—Dr. Cumming.

When Sympathy is Needed.

Sympathy is often better than comfort. Tears call for tears. "Jesus wept" by the grave of Lazarus, though in a moment He was to turn weeping into singing. Let us not tell a bumped child to be more careful, and say, "You will know better another time," but give the child our kisses and sympathy, and postpone the calculation about moral values. Let us not say to a heart in new sorrow, "He doeth all things well," but let suffering know the answering pain of our heart. The best sympathy is often voiceless—the pressure of a hand, the tear-brimming look that says, "I cannot speak, but I have heard." Tears before truth for sorrow, otherwise truth may be wasted on unprofitable soil.



SAM'S SILVER CORNET.

"It's just like this," said a young bandsman flashing eyes, about the age of eighteen, "I can't play first cornet I won't play any, so there." I was the bandmaster, and was surprised than I am able to say at the pretension which made this bandsman make such a statement, because he was by long odds the best player in the band, and for a moment I lost for an answer. At last I was compelled to say, "I am extremely sorry you feel you do, but I could not consider giving you such difficult music to play than you have, as you must know it is seldom you can get the part now play." I then tried to reason, to the limit of my ability, with this comrade, but to no use, because he would insist on being a part in the band which I knew he would not be able to perform.

When the band turned out on the following day this poor brother sat in the audience. He had left his newly-plated cornet at home. He looked wretched, and I certainly did feel sorry he was so foolish, and even went out my way to speak to him and try to explain my errors. But poor Sam, for that was his name, was awfully obstinate and my words were missionless.

Sam came Sunday after Sunday to the meeting, because he could not make his home anywhere else, and he looked more and more wretched. I felt heart-sick for him, and the boys tried in the kindest possible way to help him over his supposed difficulties, but failed. Sam still sits in the audience, but farther back than he used to do, and he seemed to look more miserable as the weeks go by. I am at a loss to know what more we can do for him, except to ease his fancy by giving him a part in the band which he is unsuitable.

I have been thinking over this matter very anxiously, and have come to the conclusion that poor Sam has entirely forgotten the purpose for which he plays, i.e. the glory of God, and for this reason has made a very sad mistake.

The Saxophone.

Seeing that the saxophone has been, or is being, introduced into some of the leading bands of the Salvation Army, it will doubtless be of interest to our readers to have a few particulars about this instrument.

The saxophone was invented, as its name implies, by Sax, a Belgian, in 1845, since when it has been favorably received in most musical countries, particularly in France, where, by official decree, it was used throughout the entire army, as many as from six to eight of these instruments being used in one band.

There are six kinds of saxophones, viz., the Flauto in E flat, the soprano in B flat, the alto in E flat, the tenor in B flat, the baritone in E flat, and the bass in B flat, the first and last mentioned being rarely used.

It is a brass instrument, which is played by means of a beak-shaped mouthpiece fitted with a reed like the clarinet, and possesses a voice which Berlioz—one of the greatest authorities—describes as closely resembling the violoncello. Notwithstanding the refinement of tone which this instrument is capable of producing, it is not delicate for brass bands, as in such a competition it is capable of blending the instruments, thereby causing a most pleasing effect.

In military bands the saxophone affords the missing link between the reed and brass sections. Consequently it is very popular in the English Army at the present moment.

Cultivate the spirit of prayer as well as the gift of prayer.

The Claims of Others.

Other people may not be beautiful in their character, nor congenial in their habits, manners, modes of life, or disposition; they may even be unkind to us, unjust, unreasonable, in strict justice altogether undeserving of our favor; yet if we persist in being called Christians ourselves, we owe them the love that thinketh no evil, that seeketh not its own, that beareth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.

That is, we owe other people service. We cannot love truly and not serve. Love without serving is an empty sentiment, a poor mockery. God so loved the world that He gave. Love always gives. If we will not give it is not love. The needs of other people are, therefore, divine commands to us which we dare not disregard or disobey. To refuse to bless a brother who stands before us in any kind of want is as great a sin as to break one of the commandments. We like to think there is no sin in mere not doing, but Jesus, in His wonderful picture of the Last Judgment, makes men's condemnation turn on not doing the things they ought to have done. They have simply not fed the hungry, nor clothed the naked, nor visited the sick, nor blessed the prisoner. To make these sins of neglect appear still more grievous, our Lord makes a personal matter of each case, puts Himself in the place of the sufferer who needs it and is not cared for, and tells us that all neglects to give needed kindness to any are shown to Him.

This divine word gives a tremendous interest to other people who are brought providentially into the sphere of our life, so that their wants, of whatever kind, make appeal to our sympathy and kindness. To neglect them is to neglect Christ.

We may build up our fine theories of taking care of ourselves, of living for the future, of laying up in the summer of prosperity for the winter of adversity, of providing for old age, or for our children; but oftentimes all these frugal and economic plans have to yield to the plans of human need. The love that seeketh not its own plays havoc with life's hard logic. We cannot say that anything is our own when our brother is suffering for what we can give.

Slippery Ground.

No young man is safe who plays with his life. No young man is safe who thinks his life is a joke. No young man is safe who doesn't know why he is living, and doesn't care. This is a busy world. Nothing that our Heavenly Father made was intended to be idle. Everything is in motion. The machinery of the heavens never grows rusty. This world doesn't owe any man a living. He who has no business in life has no business with life. Jesus Christ preached the Gospel of work—hard work—He practised it, too. He was a busy man. We should be busy men. There is nothing so dangerous as standing still. "Birds that sit are easily shot."

Life is like riding a bicycle. You cannot go back; you must go ahead or get off. When the wheel stops turning it topples. When the cannon-ball stops moving it falls. "The devil can catch an idle Christian with a bare hook."

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

There is nothing more valuable to a young man than the pressure of a purpose.

It has a negative value, for it keeps him from drifting, and a drifting boat always drifts down stream. It has a positive value, for it focusses power, and "Concentration," said Sir Isaac Newton, "is the secret of strength." "The light of the body is the eye. If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." Single men are singular men. They crash

through the impediments with the earnestness of gunpowder. The sculling match is often won, not by straining, but by steering. Sheet lightning does little damage; it is the bolt that kills.

LIFE WITHOUT A PURPOSE

has been compared to a letter without an address. It is stamped, sealed and sent, but it lacks the element of direction. It will go to the dead-letter office of defeat.

NO YOUNG MAN IS SAFE WHO PLAYS WITH THE
WORLD OF CHANCE.

There are two great deities in the world today—fashion and finance. Both are dragging men and women to ruin by the million. Fashion is the Ashtoreth and finance the Baal of modern idolatry.

The heart of the nation is burning with passion—the passion for making money. Our people are wild, delirious, phrenetic with the lust for gold. The question that disturbs our average young man, says Dr. Parkhurst, is how to convert one dollar into two without perspiration. We are living in a fast age. Chickens are hatched by electricity. Sugar is sold before it is crystallized. How to make money! How to make it easily! How to make it quickly! That's the problem, and playing with the world of chance seems to be the popular solution.

"Gambling," says Herbert Spencer, "is a kind of action by which pleasure to one man is obtained at the cost of pain to another. It affords no equivalent to the general good. The happiness of the winner implies the misery of the loser."

This gambling spirit pervades the whole atmosphere of our human breathing—political life, social life, club life, and I'm sorry to say it, sometimes church life. There is absolutely no fascination like it. It is the very witchcraft of crime. It has slain scores of

EARTH'S BRAINIEST CHILDREN,

men like Oliver Goldsmith and Edward Gibbon and Charles James Fox. It is Satan's trump card—potent, all potent, omnipotent.

Oh, young men, you are never on such slippery ground as when you begin to play with the world of chance. It is the greatest blow this world knows to honesty and industry. When a man begins gambling he stops working. No man will grime for mites who can gamble for millions. It turns the mind into a perfect furnace. It does not burn, it blazes.

If you can't make money honestly then be willing to be poor. Don't let a dollar of yours be stained with blood. Every penny richer you become by gambling will make you a penny poorer. It will subvert your manhood. It will unsettle your mind. It will destroy your taste. It will rob you of everything that is pure and peaceful and sweet. It will lead you into dishonesty, into crime.

No man is safe

WHO PLAYS WITH HIS SOUL.

No man is safe who trifles with his spiritual nature. No man is safe who gambles with eternity. Eternity is not a world of chance, it is a world of certainty. No man is safe who laughs at righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Man is an immortal being. He has a priceless jewel committed to his keeping. "What shall it profit if he gain the whole world and lose it?"

You can afford to lose your name. You can afford to lose your fame. You can afford to lose every dollar you own, but you can't afford to lose your soul. Don't trifle with time; don't dally with sin; don't play with eternity.—H. T. McLeod.

Our Worst Enemy.

One of the most persistent enemies that a man has to fight is *himself*. That enemy has to be fought with at unexpected times, and at all times. Yet if a man is determined to win the victory, he can be successful even in spite of all the advantages which self has in the contest. And what a victory it is to win in such a fight! Henry Ward Beecher says, forcefully, "No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself." God is with us in this struggle, and through Him we shall have the sure victory.

The War Cry.

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All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.



The Commissioner's Message TO THE TERRITORY.

My Precious Comrades:—

My heart is overwhelmed. The gloom of a terrible sorrow rests upon us, and, save for the love that never dies, and the trust that can trace it in the dark, we should be confounded in the thicket of this mystery.

The Army's loss in the sudden death of our beloved Consul surpasses all words. Her breadth of intellect, unfathomable soul, and noble character, were of intrinsic and immeasurable worth to us as an organization, and, humanly speaking, unless as the crucible in which our service is sanctified, her death is a supreme disaster.

I know the tenderness of the heart which pulsates throughout my Territory, and feel sure that the blow which has fallen with such cruel weight upon the sister-land will have been felt as if it were your own. It is your own—it is the Army's—it is the world's.

I do not need to ask your prayers on behalf of the poor, stricken heart of the Commander. I know that your petitions will have been amongst the most fervent which have stormed the Kingdom for that consolation which alone can come from Him "who comforteth us in all our tribulations." His loss is irreparable, his grief is pitiable to witness—such a co-mingling of love, sorrow, and perfect trust this poor world has seldom seen. The very soul of the Army universe will outpour for his upholding, and for the guarding of the six darling children, who are the precious legacies which my glorified sister has left to him and to the world.

Remember me! Pray for me! My spirit is torn! As I write my tears fall hot and fast, and will be falling in my heart for a long time to come. From my earliest recollections she has been my constant companion, fondest sister, and truest friend, and since my mother died, as everyone knows, has stood in her place.

Our hearts around the General shall form a very bulwark of sympathy, love, and prayers. I have cabled him we wade with him through these waters. God will uphold him, heaven will comfort him, we will all stand the closer by him.

And now, my precious people, infinitely precious at this moment, what more can we be, and do, and suffer for Jesus and the flag to better follow in her dear footsteps who has had such a quick and abundant entrance. For her passing out from us we must stand closer together, we must be more compassionate toward all men, we must be more merciful with the failings of others, we must be more sympathetic in sorrow, we must love more, and seek with faster feet the poor, poor sinner. We must trust Jesus more, with a trust which will hold on better in the dark, in the storm, in the difficult places, and in all our sorrow, so that our life may shine with something of the brilliancy of her life, which has lit the way for tens of thousands, and that we may be as ready to go when the call comes as she was ready, "without spot." She fought, she fell, she rose, she lives—in the realms of the blest, shining in a light that knows no shadow, more than conqueror, in a land that knows no death.

Your sorrowing Commissioner,

Evangeline Booth

CALLLED HOME.

The Sudden Promotion to Glory of Consul Emma Booth-Tucker, the General's Second Daughter, Has Cast the Shadow of a Great Sorrow Over the Salvation Army Everywhere.

"My daughter was, after her mother, first among the many noble and consecrated women I have been permitted to know during the fifty years of my public life."
—From the General's Message.

Since the death of Mrs. General Booth, the sainted Mother of the Salvation Army, there has not been known such a deep and wide-spread grief as over the sudden passing away of the Consul; nor has there ever been known in the Army such an awful calamity as the one which has cost the life of the General's daughter and very serious injuries to Colonel Holland.

"One would think, with the continual traveling many of your officers are subject to, accidents of this nature would not be infrequent," said someone to the Chief Secretary. Yet we know of only one similar occasion when an Army officer lost her life in a shipwreck off the coast of Australia.

One would have expected as soon a bolt of lightning out of the smiling October sky, as this startling news.

On the very evening, and at the time of the accident, the Commissioner had, for the first time since her long illness, addressed an officers' meeting in the lecture-room of the Training College, Toronto, but no news of the fatality had reached T.H.Q. until the following morning. The Chief Secretary at once set out for the Commissioner's house to break the terrible news to her.

In the meantime the intelligence of the wreck and its sad consequences had been telegraphed to the press, and the bulletin-boards of the newspapers startled the public with the tragic news. It was received at T. H. Q. with the effect of a stunning blow, and paralyzed our energies for some time. The enormity of the loss was too great to be understood in all its bearing at once.

For this very reason the Chief Secretary found it a very difficult task to break the news to the Commissioner. When the full truth was revealed to her it was too much to be born, after weeks of recuperation and she was overwhelmed by the great sorrow which has touched us all.

An Open Switch.

The Consul had visited and inspected the Army's Farm Colony at Fort Amity, Colorado, and was on her way to meet the Commander in Chicago, where a series of public meetings had been arranged to be conducted from Saturday, Oct. 31st, to Monday, November 9th. Colonel Holland, who is the National Social Secretary, accompanied the Consul. They stopped over for a few hours at Kansas City to inspect the Workingman's Hotel there, and left again at 6.30 p.m. Three hours afterwards the accident happened.

At 9.30 the train ran into an open switch, just outside of Dean Lake. The locomotive, express, mail, and day coach escaped, but the three following cars were hurled against a steel water-tank with such force that it was moved five feet from its foundation. The cars were badly shattered. When the crew reached the wreck both Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Colonel Holland were found unconscious, and with the other injured were removed to the station platform close by. The Consul did not regain consciousness, and died at 2.30 a.m. while Colonel Holland still lingers, and slight hopes are entertained for his recovery.

The Commander was prostrated by the shocking news of the Consul's death, and their little family of six is pitiously lamenting the loss of a mother, whose affection and care were beyond comparison. She intensely loved her children.

Consternation reigned when the news of the Consul's death was made known at International Headquarters, London. A hurried council of the chief officers took place, and then the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, undertook to convey the terrible news to the General.

When our aged, but brave, leader, who had certainly passed in his life through some trials, so intense and excruciating as few are called to pass through, had recovered from this last, in some sense greatest of sorrows to his large heart, he framed the following message to his people throughout the world, which, by its simple language and sincere ring of trust in God again shows the greatness of the man, the saint, and the leader:

The General's Message.

"I am suddenly prostrated with grief in the presence of what appears at the moment to be an indescribable calamity and an unfathomable mystery. I can only look up and say to my Heavenly Father: 'Thy will be done.'"

"My daughter was, after her mother, first among the many noble and consecrated women I have been permitted to know during the fifty years of my public life. Her loss is irreparable, but so much more need is there for me, and you, and for all to go on with our work for God and the blessing of our fellowmen. This, however my heart may bleed, is my purpose so long as He may be pleased to prolong my life."

"The blow will fall with intense severity upon Commander Booth-Tucker, and on my officers and soldiers for whom my daughter has fought and toiled so long. In the midst of my own sorrow my heart goes up to God on their behalf. Pray for them. Meanwhile I am trusting for strength to go on with my own duties, and praying that our great agency of alleviating the sorrows of the suffering world may not be hindered by this visitation."

AT CHICAGO.

Thousands in Chicago will not forget the 30th of October, when all that was mortal of the brilliant leader of the Army was borne into their city and laid in state at the Princess Rink. From 10.30 a.m., when the doors were thrown open, till the beginning of the evening service, an unbroken line of humanity slowly moved past the casket, numbering at least 7,000 people.

What a contrast! Advertisements were out all over the city announcing the coming visit of the Consul for a lengthy campaign, and multitudes were preparing for a series of meetings, when the power of God would unmistakably be manifested, and the incisive words of the Consul would uncover men's hearts and apply God's remedy for sin. Now all this was suddenly changed by this fearful tragedy, although the silent lips gave their message to thousands even then.

At the memorial service at night thousands were unable to gain admission, speaking more eloquently of the genuine public love and esteem for the departed Consul than the finest eulogies spoken in words or printed on paper.

Thousands of people craved, and were accorded, the privilege of escorting the casket to the railroad depot. A dense throng had congregated at the terminal, where the Commander, marvelously upheld by the Divine hand, was enabled to say a few words of thanks, and the huge concourse, amid sights and sounds that can never be forgotten, joined as a last tribute in singing the grand old hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

The General's Memorial Message.

Read at the Carnegie Hall Meeting, Sunday, November 1st.

November 1st, 1903.

▼ OMRADES AND FRIENDS:

On Tuesday you will lay away in the keeping of one of your beautiful cemeteries the mortal remains of my beloved daughter, Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker. She has fallen the fight! As a winged angel she was flying rough the land, literally scattering seeds of peace for holiness and heaven among the sinning, suffering children of men, when all suddenly, without any warning, the death angel met her, and after a faint and hopeless struggle, hurried her away to join her sainted mother in the presence of her Saviour-Lord. Her death is an unutterable loss. She was a Salvation Soldier of incomparable worth! A long and memorable record of well-fought fields behind her. Perhaps of no one in modern times, of her years and opportunity, could it be more truly said, "She has fought a good fight!" Looking back to-day over the years of the Consul's life, I can discover some of the fruits of her conflicts. In the hand of God she has converted sinners, restored prodigals, fed the hungry, instructed the ignorant, healed the broken-hearted, nursed the sick, trained officers and workers for every land, conquered devils, commanded Salvation hosts, and in many other ways fulfilled the redeeming work to which her Lord had called her. To Him in whose strength it was all accomplished, we humbly render thanksgiving and give Him all the glory!

Early at Work.

She began early! Being converted in the springtime of her life, she gave herself up to the service of Christ without reservation, and while scarcely more than a child, went down to the lowest depths of sin and misery among the forgotten, the hopeless and the outcast. She was soon promoted to a leading position in our International Training Homes, where her example and service bore fruit, and continue to bear fruit the world over. Then she accompanied the Commander to India, where they lived and labored for the native populations until, broken down in health, I ordered her back to Europe to save her life.

Restored again, she traveled up and down Europe proclaiming the message of salvation, and nearly eight years ago came to the United States, where I believe thousands can bear testimony to the beauty of her character, the love she bore her people, the efficiency of her work, and the Christlikeness of her spirit.

And now death has taken her away! On Wednesday night last, at 11.30, on the bleak prairie, at the summons of her Divine Master, she ascended to heaven. It is, as I have said, an unutterable loss! Her gifts were of a high order; she had a powerful intellect, a clear judgment, a brilliant wit, an inflexible will, and all her powers were sanctified to the noblest end.

I knew her intimately. She loved righteousness and hated falsehood, unfaithfulness, and wrong. I found her a true woman, and I prized her beyond rubies. Hers was a generous soul; I do not remember an observation savoring of ill-nature or expressing a selfish ambition coming from her lips. No matter what provocation she was called to suffer, the truest benevolence marked her relations with all around her, and I have met with few, if any, and none who were more ready to forgive. In short, she was every one's friend and no one's foe! She had a great soul; her sympathies were as wide as the world's need; they reached to the utmost limits of human sorrow and suffering, and made her ready for any sacrifice to meet what was within her ability.

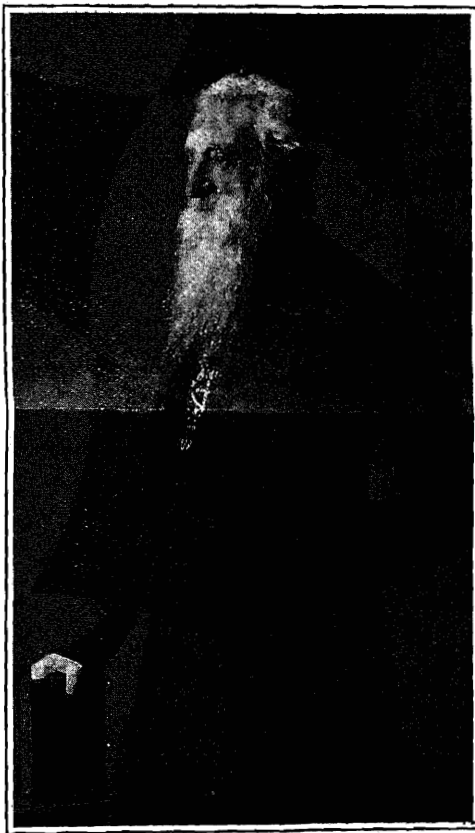
A Remarkable Speaker.

As a speaker, she was eloquent and persuasive, often moving those who heard her to receive and embrace the truth and to act in harmony with it, and ever aiming at the immediate benefit of those to whom she ministered. Her gifts as a leader, already very remarkable, were, to the joy of all who followed her, rapidly develop-

ing, and though sometimes she may have been too tender of the feelings of those she controlled, she was perhaps accurately described as a superb manager of men. She was a lover of souls! And so I hold to the opinion that the Consul's death is a great loss to this poor world. It can ill spare such spirits as that beautiful, brave, and generous soul, which only a few days ago throbbed in every pulse and made itself felt in every nerve of the form enclosed in this casket so soon to be laid in the grave!

The Army's Great Loss.

I am perhaps best able to judge, and I feel that her death is a great loss to the Salvation Army. The Army has at length fairly struggled onto its feet. Its accomplishments, by the grace of God, are manifest to all men; it has only just begun to realize its capacity for doing its divinely appointed work. Doors of opportunity are opening before it among all the peoples of the earth; many thousands of hearts already enlisted under its banner are eager to be led forward to the conflict with human sin and misery, and now an experienced and effective leader is torn, all unexpectedly, from the forefront of the



battle. It is a loss! It is more than a loss! It is a calamity, the full significance of which it is difficult for me to describe.

The Consul's death is a great loss to her precious husband! Here I would fain be silent, failing to find words to adequately describe such sorrow. The Commander and Consul, if not twin souls in their resemblance to each other, were certainly knit together by the wonderful fitness of their mutual adaptation—created, it seems to those who knew them best, for each other's help in the doing and suffering of all that was Christlike, beneficent, and good. And now the one has been torn from the other, and the Commander is left behind to weep, and travail, and fight alone!

The Consul's death is a great loss to her precious family. Few mothers have excelled this mother in tender anxiety, self-denying toil, and consecrated ambition for their children. Her zeal for Christ, her pity for the perishing, and her practical efforts to give her anxiety effect, were all made to harmonize with her duty to her children, who, after God and her husband, ever occupied the first place in her soul. And these children have given back as beautiful and obedient affection as any mother could desire, and as rich a promise of a holy and useful maturity as any mother could reasonably expect. Precious children! Who can describe your loss? No words of mine can be adequate to the task. The

great Father in heaven must Himself mother you. I believe He will!

A Great Loss to the General.

The Consul's death is a great loss to her father, the General. It was known that she held a warm place in my heart, and all about me felt it right that it should be so. It could not very well be otherwise! Her beautiful spirit, her unwearied, self-denying concern for her dying mother, her disinterested shouldering of the general interests of the family, all powerfully appealed to me.

Then she understood and appreciated the Salvation Army in its widest aspect. She knew what, for God's great honor, I wanted it to be, and was able to rise up above all personal interests, and throw her whole being and all else she could influence into the strife. Is it surprising, then, that I loved her as a father can love a daughter, and is it to be wondered at that I mourn her loss?

What more shall I say? Already I have said enough of loss, and breakages, and sorrows—perhaps too much. Do I complain for myself? Certainly not; and I know of no other who suffers by this visitation who is disposed to kick against the pricks. As said your dying President in the presence of his fate, so say I by the side of this casket that contains a great portion of my heart: "This is God's way for us; His will be done!"

What Shall We Do?

But enough about the past! What about the future? What shall we do? It has been said that God buries His workmen but carries on His work. He is burying one on Tuesday. If the work is to go forward, someone must take her place! Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord? These are days of memorials. Can we not have one here? Can we not at this sacred hour, moved thereto by this solemn event, raise here in the presence of God an altar on which some hearts and lives, some talents and wealth, may be dedicated to the same exalted purpose to which this life was given? Are there not men and women here who will not leave their world of self-seeking and self-pleasing, who will turn their backs on the fleeting shadows of earthly ease and glory, who will put away what is mean and narrow, and for Christ's sake will say to Him: "I accept Thee as my crucified Saviour! I accept Thy will! I give myself up to seek Thy glory, first in my own heart, and then in the salvation of others." This was the end of my dear daughter's life, let it be the outcome of her death! Shall it be so for you? I claim your decision! I ask not for ones or twos, but in my Lord's name I call for hundreds, for thousands, to be His for the great crusade to which He is calling us!

God bless you! My heart turns to you with deep yearnings to-day! You share my sorrow, I feel you do! Let us, then, join in dedicating our remaining days, few or many, to the Christ and the souls for whom He died!

William Booth

Colonel Holland.

With gratitude we received the news that there was some improvement in Colonel Holland's condition. This may not mean much, but since he has managed to survive so far, it is quite probable it means a great deal. It appears there are no bones broken, but that the injuries are internal, the correct extent of the same we have been unable to learn so far. Let us hope and believe for the best, and include Colonel Holland in our prayers. Mrs. Holland is watching by his bedside; she has our sincere sympathy.

TRAINING HOME DESPATCHES.

Last week might truly be termed "Victory Week" at the T. H., for we were besieged with old friends and new, who, taking advantage of the cheap rates for visiting the city, could not think of leaving without paying a visit to the spot that held so many pleasant memories for some of them. We were delighted to shake them by the hand, and to gather from their words that God was enabling them to wage a successful warfare.

We noticed several of last season's inmates quickly made an excuse to go up to the top of the building to pay a visit to "their dear old Glanville," our esteemed "chef," whose beaming countenance and kindly smile never fail to give a welcome. Dear as she may have been to last season's Cadets, doubly esteemed has she become to those of the present season, and her appearance amongst them on any and every occasion is the signal for enthusiastic applause and hand-clapping.

Thanksgiving Day at the T. H. was marked by several special features. In the morning Mrs. Major Stanyon gave one of her most interesting and instructive lectures, and this treat the Cadets were not slow to appreciate. Then the Major, who is ever mindful of the Cadets' interests, had arranged a special Thanksgiving Dinner, and this, too, went with general approbation. Then, as a climax, we went en masse to the Temple to hear Capt. Davis lecture. This meeting has already been reported, and we will not dwell further on it here, only to say that Capt. Davis represented the T. H. very creditably indeed. The Cadets felt honored to have Mr. Jesse Page preside at this meeting as chairman.

The day following Thanksgiving was also an important one for the Cadets, as it was their first examination day for this season, and with what fear and trembling it was greeted by many of the collegians. But that day, like all others, came to an end, and then there were deeper fears and increased trembling as the results were anxiously waited for. Next day the blackboards in the respective school-rooms told the tale. How everybody looked for their own name—some who expected to see it near the bottom being agreeably surprised to find it near the top. But all concerned were well pleased to find that both Sergeant-Majors headed the lists, Sergt.-Major Gatehouse being first amongst the girls, and Sergt.-Major Coggan leading off the boys. Congratulations, Sergeant-Majors.

The Cadets had the pleasure of having Colonel Lamb, from England, who was visiting the Training Home, give them a call in their respective school-rooms, where, of course, he had to give a short address before leaving. To see and hear an officer of renown, like Colonel Lamb, is an inspiration to our young people.

We were also pleased to have a short visit from Staff-Capt. Goodwin, a Canadian officer of renown, who called to see the T. H. on her way to Vancouver, B.C. The Staff-Captain gave a very interesting little talk from her own experience, which was of much interest.

The Cadets were privileged to be present at the special meeting at the Temple, conducted by the Chief Secretary, for officers and soldiers, where they received many useful hints from the speakers of the evening.

The results of the meetings at O'Neill's Hall are very encouraging. One of the new converts, a young lady, who, previous to her conversion was quite worldly and pleasure-loving, has demonstrated that a real change has taken place in her heart and life, by refusing to attend the theatre any longer, although urged to do so by her friends.

A letter was handed to us the other day asking for prayers on behalf of a gentleman who had been present at our meetings, and had, since then, been much troubled about his soul.

Major Stanyon is arranging to hold special converts' meetings regularly for the benefit of those who may come forward in the meetings conducted by the Training Home Staff and Cadets, from time to time.

Gone to Her Reward.

Huntsville.—"Behold, I come quickly." These words were brought forcibly to our minds by Ensign Hoddinott as we gathered at the barracks on Wednesday afternoon and looked upon the form of our dear comrade, Mrs. Brown, who, only a few nights previous occupied her usual seat in the hall. Her death was very sudden. Only half an hour before she was called away she was talking with her child and some of the neighbors, in apparently good health; but God saw fit to take her to Himself. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." We gave our departed comrade an Army funeral. Our prayer is that God will bless the bereaved ones.—A Soldier.

A Sudden Call.

We are called upon to report the sad and sudden death of Mr. Edward Uren, the husband of one of our Russian soldiers, who is now living at Burkes, Idaho. The powder magazine of the mammoth mine at Burke, containing about 160 pounds of dynamite, exploded, killing two miners and injuring others. Mr. Uren being instantly killed. Besides a wife, he leaves a mother, two sisters, and four brothers, in Cornwall, England, and a sister in Gem, all of whom have our deepest sympathy and prayers.

Calgary District Notes.

By ADJT. A. D. SLOTE.

We are getting along well at Calgary. Seven have professed to get right with God recently, the crowds are good, and finances splendid.

I left Calgary to visit two of the corps in the District, on Monday morning, expecting to get to Lethbridge about midnight, but when I arrived at McLeod a freight conductor let me go with him, so I reached there in time to walk into the open-air, and had a very good meeting, even if it was a surprise. I was delighted with my visit to Lethbridge. One man came to God who had once been a good soldier. He told me that by the grace of God he would be faithful. A nice crowd of people attended the meetings. Ensign Ferguson and Lieut. Smith are working hard, and there is a good opportunity for the Army in this place. I was glad to meet my old comrades, Brother and Sister Fuller, who have moved from Winnipeg. They are a good help to the corps.

After the meeting Wednesday night I took the train for Medicine Hat, and arrived in time for breakfast. Capt. Taylor, with several more comrades, were at the station to meet me. Capt. and Mrs. Taylor are getting along well. The two nights I spent here we had good times. Two souls came to God. I enrolled several new soldiers. The crowds were large both nights. This is a splendid town for the S. A. C. O. Pettit is a good help to these hard-working officers. I left them in good spirits. Soldiers and Local Officers all are determined to fight on.

I arrived home on Saturday morning and found Mrs. Slote and the comrades had been pushing the war in my absence. Edmonton is doing well. Adj. Green and Capt. Ouster sent me a letter saying they were getting along well with their new barracks. This corps is about two hundred miles from Calgary. I haven't been there yet, but expect to go up with our beloved Major in November, taking with us the Calgary Brass Band, which consists of a lot of fine men whom the citizens and soldiers of Calgary are proud of.

St. John's I. Brass Band on Tour.

Seeing it is some time since the St. John's I. band boys had a "few days off" it was arranged for all to get away at the same time, and the boys spent their holidays on tour with the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. McGillivray.

Leaving by the 8.30 a.m. train, we reached Carleton Place about three in the afternoon, marched direct to the barracks, and after a hurried lunch were at it in full swing in the afternoon meeting. The Orangemen having an excursion to this place from St. John's, we were reinforced by a number of warriors from the city. At night we had a rousing match and open-air, and returned to the big hall to find it packed out and everyone in good spirits for a lively time. Selections, trios, solos, etc., instrumental and vocal, were given. The different bandmen were introduced and several of them spoke a few words. One of them, a Corps-Cadet had left the Harbor about twelve years ago, being then about three years of age, and was now returning on a visit as a bandman. God bless C. C. Gilbert Best! Staff-Captain read the lesson. The collection taken was \$1. We had to hurriedly say good-bye to Adj. Ogilvie, her two Lieutenants, and all the other brave warriors and leave at 4 a.m.

Arriving at Clark's Beach shortly after six in the morning, we crowded the quarters, and soon a form appears at the upstairs window. In a few seconds Capt. Wiseman is down shaking hands all round and asking:

"Where are you going at this hour in the morning?"

"We are paying you a visit," we answered.

"Well, that is a surprise!"

The Captain shook himself to see if he was in a dream; but no, it was a real fact. The letter and window-cards had been carried past, and—well, what a family to look after, thought the Captain. However we were soon settled in comfortable billets, and by marching through the town the news was spread. The meeting was one of the old-fashioned sort, and all wished the band could have remained longer.

Next morning we went to Bay Roberts. This place being only three miles away, we decided to walk across. While leaving one place and entering the next it was not difficult to get volunteers to follow behind, carrying grips, string instruments, music boxes, cases, etc. for every boy in the procession seemed to enjoy

A Determined Attack

UPON THE

Fortress of Iniquity

WILL BE MADE BY THE

ENTIRE FORCES OF THE TERRITORY

During the Coming Fall Campaign
of

THE SIEGE

Beginning with a General and
Vigorous Bombardment Along
the Line on

Sunday, November 22nd.

The Captured Prisoners will publicly
take the Oath of Allegiance to their new
Sovereign on

SUNDAY, December 13,

and after a final charge to Redeem the
Children held as hostages by the Enemy,

A Grand Review

WILL BE HELD

SUNDAY, December 27.

All Staff and Field Officers are directed
to at once mobilize the forces under their
charge, and examine their equipment with
a view to putting their command in a
thoroughly satisfactory condition regard-
ing discipline, drill, armor and ammunition,
that a glorious victory may be assured.

All articles necessary for equipment can
be had in the required quantity and quality
at

THE ARSENAL OF FAITH.

WATCH YOUR SIEGE ORDERS!

himself. It certainly was a treat that did not come their way very often. Ensign and Mrs. Pitcher greeted us at the door of their quarters, and soon we were enjoying the good things they had prepared. The Ensign felt the only sad features were that we were staying such a short time, and also that so many of the comrades were away fishing. During the day we visited the South Side, returning by a ferry which one of the soldiers had the charge of. We played on the way over, and came to the post office, where a selection was given and the night meeting announced. The program was hurried through, as we had to leave on the night train. Those present enjoyed the music very much.

Upon arrival at Harbor Grace we found Capt. Ritchie and some of the comrades, with torches, had come to meet us. Yes, and there is Lieut. Butler, too, and we proceeded to the "open-air stand, not too late to announce the Sunday meetings. "What a crowd, to be sure," said one bandman. "This is a charming little spot," said another. As we dispersed our faith was high for the morrow.

The knee-drill and holiness meeting were times of spiritual feasting to all. In the afternoon a good crowd gathered and our Harbor Grace friends did not fail to show their appreciation of the band's visit. After special songs, music, etc., the writer read from God's Word. The night meeting was the crowning time, when the big hall was well filled. The Staff-Captain read and urged upon an immediate surrender to God. Many were deeply stirred, and some of them came out crying for deliverance. The collection for the day was certainly a record-breaker.

Treasurer Whitman, and the other friends who so kindly entertained the band boys, feel they were well repaid, and with many others joined in saying, "Come again, Staff, and bring the band with you." Early next morning we returned homeward to the city, all feeling we had thoroughly enjoyed the "few days off," and were unanimous in saying, "That was a holiday well spent."—Scribe.

G. B. M. Notes.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN J. MEROER.

Agent Richardson, of Winnipeg, is very much interested in the boxes, and has recently distributed some new ones, which means that the next quarter will be the best yet. Agents Mrs. Sowle and Henderson are also pressing on in Lazarus' behalf. A good crowd attended the lantern service. Perhaps it was owing to some mistaking the title "Pleading for a Life," for "Pleading for a Wife."

At Portage la Prairie I had my first service with Acetylene light, which, from the first, has worked very satisfactorily. The attendance was fair. Ensign Downey and Sergt. Matheson are good workers as well as good singers. The G. B. M., under Miss Wilson's charge, has done better than for some time. I am believing that Portage will assert itself in Lazarus' behalf.

The farmers of Danphin were at their threshing, but we had a good attendance at both meetings. The box-money came up to the average, although one or two were broken.

The Canadian Northern runs direct from Dauphin to Neepawa, which is a saving of expense for the T. F. S. I spent four days with Lieut. Rankin, whom I found alone. Latin and Greek must be a good thing to understand, especially when you have to converse with an ex-priest (now avowed infidel) and a C. M. Bishop. Lieutenant is acquainted with both languages, and has a personal and pleasant salvation, and holds his own, much to the surprise and applause of his listeners. We had a good attendance at the lantern service. Agent Laura Miller has done well. I am sorry that her way is not clear to continue the agency.

Mrs. St. John, of Minnedosa, had arranged for a meeting in the Town Hall. We had the best attendance yet for Minnedosa. Mrs. Green (nee Lieut. Sherris) looked well after Lazarus.

Carberry is thirty miles south of Neepawa. We called on Mrs. Falke, who gave us our dinner and one dollar for our work. Capt. Hanson and Lenwick have just sent in their H. P. target. I was met at the station in Brandon by Staff-Capt. Ayre, who made me feel at home. We had a good attendance, but the boxes were rather down. The Staff-Captain helped me put out some boxes, which will make the proceeds better next quarter.

Bro. Nicholas, of Warden, had secured the Town Hall. While waiting for the train on Saturday, I helped Brother Halladay with a few loads of sheaves, which reminded me of days of yore.

The box-money at Moosomin, under the supervision of Agent Rice, amounted to nearly \$12. Mr. Middleton is a warm friend of Lazarus. His box did splendidly.

Farewell to London.

On Sunday last we were called upon to say good-bye to Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs, Aleet and Pearl. We are all very sorry indeed to see them go, especially the juniors. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs have labored faithfully for the past year in the interests of the junior war in West Ontario. We all wish them God-speed, and hope they may be even a greater blessing in the future than they have been in the past. Our Band of Love here is progressing wonderfully since Sergt.-Major Norbury has taken charge. Lieut. Malsey, the Provincial Cashier, has a large shorthand class in which she takes great interest. God bless London juniors and the Band of Love.—C. O. Lydia Horwood.

To Beat the Beer Beggar.

WHAT THE SPOKANE CHRONICLE SAYS ABOUT OUR
SHELTER IN THAT CITY.

Business with the Salvation Army haven in this city has been quite prosperous during the last year. Ensign Cummins states that from July a year ago until July last, \$5,200 was taken in by the woodyard owned by the Haven, while its board and lodging business amounted to \$2,300; 14,961 beds were furnished, the price being ten cents during this time.

When Ensign Cummins took charge of the place, a little over a year ago, the books showed an actual deficit of \$1,100. Last week the deficit was only \$123.88.

Gave Work to Many.

The Haven now accommodates sixty people, and most of the time is crowded. During the last fiscal year 5,630 men were furnished with employment by the Haven. The wages resulting from these jobs averaged nearly \$10 each, thus giving an aggregate of \$56,300 that has accrued to the workmen through the Haven's employment agency. Ordinary employment agencies in town charge \$1 for securing work for a man, but the Salvation Army agency makes no such charge. Last week it obtained work for 22 men, and now orders are coming in faster than they can be filled.

All profits from the business of the Haven are used to support the place in its work. Sometimes expenses are greater than the profits, but at these times several of the rich men of Spokane, it is said, are ready to give assistance. The Haven, however, is generally self-supporting.

The work of the Haven is not for the exclusive furtherance of Salvation Army interests. Business is done with the public, irrespective of religion. The aim is to give the "hobo," if such he is, a lodging within his means, or work whereby he may earn his lodging, if he has not the money to pay for it. No vagrant is so degenerate but that, if his intentions are partly good, he may be welcomed to a home in the Salvation Army Haven.

Try the Ticket Scheme.

Within the last week Ensign Cummins has introduced a scheme by which he thinks he can defeat the purpose of the loafer who begs ten cents to buy food and straightway flies to a saloon and buys beer. This is a bunch of lodging and meal tickets, which are legal tender at the Haven for either bed or board. They are put in booklet form, and will be sold to persons charitably inclined towards mendicants, at a cost of ten cents per ticket. They are good only for bed or board, and the person who gives one of them to a man who is a cripple, blind, or sick—as is usually the statement—can rest assured that his benevolence will not be used to purchase beer.—Spokane Daily Chronicle.



PEACE AT THE PENITENT FORM.

Butte, Mont.—Since last report four precious souls have sought and found the Saviour. Three of these came forward last Monday night. Hallelujah! A dear brother told Mrs. Johnstone that he had attended many meetings during the past two years, but could not get peace until he came to the Salvation Army penitent form. Praise God for the Army penitent form, where so many souls have found this pearl of greatest price. Finances are A 1, even though there is a scarcity of grass on the range. God bless the Billings people. We are believing for a mighty revival in our midst, when many of these precious souls will be brought to our blessed Saviour's feet. We expect to enrol a couple of recruits this coming Sunday as blood-and-fire soldiers.—G. S. Johnstone, Capt.

A REAL SALVATIONIST.

Channah.—We have just had a visit from Sergt.-Major Way, of Sydney, which was enjoyed by all. He is a real Salvationist. There was conviction in the meetings, and we believe seed was sown which will bring forth fruit. Our H. F. target is smashed.—One of the Crowd.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Clarendville.—We have just spent about two weeks with the friends and comrades of Clarendville, and since coming here God has already blessed us. Sunday was a day of blessing and inspiration to our souls. Thursday we had a visit from the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. McGillivray, who favored us with a lantern service, and, although the weather was unfavorable, a nice crowd gathered. While the story of the "Prodigal Son" and that of "Billy McLeod" was being read, and the different pictures shown, many hearts were melted. We have gone over our Harvest Festival target, and now for a harvest of souls we plead.—Lieut. E. LeDrew, for Capt. Hebditch.

MARCH ON TO VICTORY.

Cornwall.—Capt. Crawford and Lieut. Thomas have farewelled from our midst, and gone to work in other parts of the vineyard. We are always sorry to part with our officers, but we pray that God may go with them to their new appointment, and make them a mighty blessing. God is helping us to march on to victory. We mean to fight and win.—L. J. K.

YOUNG AND OLD REJOICING.

Cott's Island, Nfld.—We are having good meetings. Sunday at the outpost was a good day to our souls, and we closed with one soul in the fountain. It was good to be there, young and old danced for joy. Our H. F. target is smashed to pieces.—Lieut. H. Wiltshire.

A SUCCESSFUL TERM.

Dundas.—Capt. Meeks, who has just received farewell orders, has proved himself to be faithful and earnest in the discharge of his duties at this corps. It is scarcely four months since the Captain's arrival, and it seems to many that his work is scarcely finished yet; however, our loss is another's gain. His conscientious playing has been the attraction, especially at the open-air, which have been times of blessing during the summer months. His Bible lessons and public addresses have been earnest and forceful. Four new names have been added to the soldiers' roll. The crowds and finances have been the best for years, and the highest H. F. target that the corps has yet received was reached. Many thanks to the kind friends who so ably assisted us. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Captain's term here was the visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Moss, of London, Eng. The following was taken from the Wentworth Light: "Capt. T. J. Meeks, who has been in charge of the local corps of the S. A. for the past few months, and who has by his earnestness in the work, and his courteous demeanor as a citizen, has won many friends in town, is to be transferred to another part shortly. The farewell conducted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McAmmond and the No. 1 band promises to be a most successful time. We wish the Captain every possible success in his future work."—Secretary.

OF THE RIGHT QUALITY.

Fairville.—Our H. F. target, which was \$40, has been smashed to pieces. Fairville soldiers know how to fight. We have not a big quantity, but they are of the right quality, and never miss a meeting or open-air. On Oct. 12th we had an enrolment, when two comrades took their stand for God under the dear old Army flag. Last night a united meeting was conducted here by our worthy Chancellor, Major Howell, assisted by our D. O., Adj. Wiggins, and all the city officers. A good crowd was present. The finances amounted to \$15, and best of all one young man came to the cross.—Cadet Minnie Clark.

GOD BLESS THEM.

Fernie.—One soul came out this week for salvation—a backslider of three years' standing. Farewell orders have come, and it is with regret that we leave the people of Fernie, for during our seven months' labor the business and townspeople have given us their support and respect, and exhibited thoughtful kindness all through the Ensign's tedious illness. God bless the Fernie people. We shall never forget their great kindness to us. Our comrades have been faithful, and we believe will be a great help to the incoming officers.—M. Lewis, Lieut.

THE FAITHFUL FEW.

Halifax I.—Old No. 1, still plods on. In all kinds of weather the faithful few are at their post. On Sunday there was a down-pour of rain all day, but fair crowds of people turned out to the meetings. On Monday night the city officers and soldiers, including the Shelter and Rescue Officers, united at No. 1, for the regular special meeting, which was a good one. This was also the occasion of Ensign Hutt farewelling. The Ensign has been here on furlough. Ten years ago she farewelled from this corps for the Training Home, and worked for a number of years in the East, but a short time ago was, with a few others, transferred to East Ontario Province. I understand she goes to Montreal, and from there to Kingston.—Burn'g Bush.

CONSECRATED TO GOD'S SERVICE.

Jackson's Cove.—We are glad to say that once again we have been victorious in reaching our H. F. target. Despite the poor fishing, we have won through faith and works. Our comrades and friends are worthy of great praise for the noble way they assisted us. Our target was \$35, and Jackson's Cove alone brought in \$30, Florrie's Harbor, the outpost, doing \$10. Friday night the Holy Spirit came upon us, and six comrades consecrated themselves afresh to God.—P. S. S., C.O.

PRAYER ANSWERED AT LAST.

Lethbridge.—God has wonderfully blessed us during the last few weeks. Crowds and interest have increased. Lieut. Smith disposes of the War Cry at a rate that is simply astonishing. We have added to our forces the two Bandsmen Fuller, of Winnipeg. Adj. Slote, our D.O., has just paid us a visit. He came ahead of the train he was expected to arrive on, and gave us a pleasant surprise by appearing on the scene of activity while we were in the open-air, consequently was able to give us three meetings instead of two. God came very near, His presence was felt by all, and we were enabled to rejoice over a wonderful return to the fold whom we have long prayed for. On Wednesday night a splendid crowd listened to a very interesting lecture delivered by the Adjutant. At the close we had a Boston Baked Bean Social, and all seemed to enjoy themselves.—Ensign Ferguson.

FAREWELL.

Listowel.—On Sunday, the 25th, Capt. and Mrs. Sharpe said farewell to the Listowel corps. We are very sorry to part with them, as they had only been with us four months. We love them for their work's sake, and for their love and kindness toward us. We had Lieut. Richards' valuable assistance on Sunday, also Capt. Bonney in the evening meeting. Our loss will be Palmerston's gain. Our prayers and kind wishes go with our officers. They will be welcomed to Listowel at any time.—S. M. T.-main.

A GERMAN BACKSLIDER SAVED.

Medford, N.J.—Last Thursday and Friday, the D. O., Adj. Slote, was with us, and to say the least, he's all right. On Thursday afternoon, Thanksgiving Day, he conducted an open-air and inside meeting, at which a German backslider came back to the fold. At the night meeting the Adjutant enrolled four recruits under the flag, and one more backslider returned. On Friday night the Adjutant gave an interesting and helpful lecture on "A tussle with a Doctor of Divinity, and the victory gained over the Doctor that chased him up town with the pitch-fork." He also enrolled one more recruit. Come again, Adjutant. On Sunday we had Holy Ghost times. At the night meeting Captain took for his subject, "The Two Kisses," and before the meeting closed four brothers received the kiss of reconciliation. Our open-air meetings are well attended. Ensign Mercer will be with us soon. May he find lots of G. B. M.—J. T.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Minot, N.D.—We had a flying visit from our old friend, Capt. Kenmir. His many friends were pleased to see him back again. The meetings Sunday afternoon and night were led by the Captain. At night the hall was full, and great attention was paid as the Captain spoke on the sin of Gehazi. Many were convicted and one raised his hand for prayer, but none would yield. Although this is a very busy little town, and people are coming in from all over and taking up claims, still there are a few who are not satisfied with laying no treasures on earth, but want to lay up treasures in heaven.—A. Pearce, for Ensign McLean.

BARRACKS CLOSED.

North Sydney.—Just as we were rejoicing over the glorious fact that our H. F. target was smashed to atoms, our town authorities ordered churches, chapels, Salvation Army barracks, and all other places of religious worship, to close until further orders, small-pox having broken out in our midst. Many of our townspeople are in love with the principles laid down by the Salvation Army, and miss the meetings very much. A writer once said, "The Salvation Army strives to be a temperance society, church, sisters of charity, civilizer, and Christianizer all in one." By its knee-drill, sharp-shooting, sword exercise, and heavy artillery meetings, it has conquered the devil and brought many valiant soldiers to Jesus. Comrades, we may not often meet one with another, but let each one of us keep this glorious truth in mind:

"When foes persecute me I'll not be dismayed,
Sin, death, hell, and friends, shall not make me afraid,
From feeling and doubting I'm fully set free,
A Salvation Soldier for God I will be." —Treas.

A SWEEPING VICTORY.

Port Arthur.—We had a sweeping victory in our H. F. effort, for which we give God all the glory. We are now going in for the salvation of the people. Sunday was a day of blessing, and we had the joy of seeing one precious soul leave the ranks of the enemy and claim forgiveness through the blood of Jesus. We mean to go forward and extend the Kingdom of God.—Lieut. McArthur, for Ensign Southall.

EIGHT IN THE FOUNTAIN.

Reserve.—We have just been favored with a visit from Staff-Capt. Turpin. This was the Staff-Captain's first visit to Reserve, and it was enjoyed by all. On Sunday we had blessed times. At knee-drill one precious soul sought salvation, and at night we had the joy of seeing seven more in the fountain, making a total of eight for the day. To God we give the glory.—Red.

VISITOR FROM NEW YORK.

Ridgeway.—On Sunday we had with us Adj. Rowe, from New York State, also Sergt.-Major Graham, from Thames' Isle. Deep conviction was noticeable in the meetings, but no one yielded to the strivings of the spirit. At night we said goodbye to our friends, Capt. Fyfe and Lieut. Close. They have been a great blessing during their stay in this town, and we pray God will give them even greater victories in their next appointment.—F. Talcott.

FULL SALVATION.

Selly Cove.—We still possess the old-time Salvation Army spirit. Our soldiers are in full uniform and live in possession of full salvation. We have the joy of reporting one soul, and we hope to have many more soon. The juniors took the platform on Sunday afternoon, and it was surprising how well the children went through the quarterly review. Their recitations and readings were also interesting.—Devil Hater.

GOOD CASES OF CONVERSION.

Spokane.—Last Monday a dear brother called at our officers' quarters and said he was in such a terrible condition regarding his soul that he desired God's people to pray for him. Those present knelt and asked God to save him. He truly repented and left with a smile on his face and Christ in his heart. Hallelujah! At the soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night a backslider returned to the fold. He said, "Since leaving the path of righteousness I have indeed spent a miserable time, and I fully realize that God's way is the only happy way." Thursday we had the pleasure of seeing another dear soul crying to God for pardon. Saturday night Brigadier McMillan and Staff-Capt. Taylor took charge of the meeting, and in company with Mrs. McMillan and Mrs. Taylor they will conduct special meetings for the next two weeks. We are praying and believing for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit, and expect by God's help and our united efforts to witness many conversions. At knee-drill on Sunday God blessed us wonderfully, and put us in real spiritual fighting trim for the day's battle. In the holiness meeting two souls sought the blessing of a clean heart, in the afternoon two brothers made an unconditional surrender, and at night two brothers and one sister cried to God for pardon.—Old Joe.

SIX MONTHS' HARD LABOR.

Stellarton.—On Monday last we said goodbye to the Soul-Saving Troupe. Their meetings were a grand success. The following Saturday we had a call from Major Howell and Lieut. Ogilvie. On Sunday Lieut. McGillivray said goodbye, after some six months' labor with us. A good crowd was present. A minister of the town was with us. We are looking forward to great victories here.—One who was there.

NEW UNIFORM.

St. Thomas.—Sunday was a day of victory. The bandsmen were commissioned in the afternoon meeting. They looked well in their new uniform. They are a whole-hearted lot of soldiers. The Local Officers were reinstated, and are going in the strength of God to fight for souls and push on the war.—W. J. T.

BACKSLIDERS RETURNING TO GOD.

St. John's, N.L.—We are glad to be able to report victory. Souls are getting saved, and the soldiers and converts are on fire for God and souls. On Sunday night we had a grand meet-

ing. Bro. Pearce read the lesson, which was taken from Amos iv. 12, and at the close three souls came to Jesus. Monday night the fire was still burning, and we had the joy of seeing four backsliders returning to God.—Wm. Smith.

ADJ. STEVENS FAREWELLS.

Vancouver.—We have said farewell to our worthy officers, Adj. Stevens and Capt. Heater. They have indeed been a blessing to this corps and to many in our beautiful city. Whilst we regret their departure from our midst, we know that they need their help. We therefore bid them God-speed, knowing that as they have been made a blessing here they will continue to be the same wherever they go. We were pleased to see our hall filled with an appreciative audience at the farewell meeting in the evening, which is a proof of the high esteem in which our dear officers are held in this city. In the afternoon meeting Brother and Sister Moore gave their darling baby to the Lord. We had glorious meetings all day, many were under conviction, and we had the joy at the evening meeting of seeing a poor, sloshy soul seek and find the Saviour. Others have determined to wage a better warfare in the future and be out-and-out for God.—H. N. M. N.

FIGHTS AND TRIUMPHS.

Wesleyville.—God is blessing us and giving us souls. On Sunday night Mrs. Monlon spoke on the two greatest fights and triumphs in the world's history. God spoke through His word and many were convicted. The soldiers held on to God in prayer: until the devil was defeated, and one young man fell on his knees in his seat by the door as one of the Sergeants prayed for him. At the close we rejoiced over seven souls. We are in to defeat the devil and have victory. Our barracks is far too small and crowds have to be turned away. Finances are good, and the War Cry are all sold out weekly.—M. W. D.

"I'M LOST! I'M LOST!"

Whitcomb.—On Saturday night one sister made her peace with God, on Sunday morning one man sought holiness, and in the afternoon one soul came and sought Christ. Just as we were getting ready to go out for our evening open-air, a man came in the hall crying, "I'm lost! I'm lost!" God gave him victory. We had a real good inside meeting. Capt. Holder led the testimony meeting, and Capt. Stevens read from Eccles. ix. 11. Capt. Holder spoke, "You don't have to go to heaven." One man came to Christ, making a total of five for the week.—Dixie 1.

Home Again.

THE BERMUDA BAND HAS RETURNED FROM A SUCCESSFUL TOUR THROUGH THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

When our beloved P. O., Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, last visited Bermuda he saw that if our band could be induced to take a trip to Canada, they could be a means of blessing there as well as being blessed themselves by seeing more of Army operations, and thus becoming better soldiers. Our boys were delighted at the prospect of such a good time. For a while everything was stir and bustle; and the procuring of new uniforms, new music, and new instruments, to be used in such a new experience, kept the D. O. pretty busy. The band-boys themselves, under their talented leader, Bandmaster Simmons, devoted as much time as possible to practising.

At last the eventful day arrived, and when they marched down the front street, headed by the D. O. and colors, nearly the whole town turned out to see and hear them. The bandsmen were dressed in red tunics with white facings and white caps, and they were playing a grand march in a style which I have since heard couldn't be excelled by the Staff Band at T. H. O.

The band played a selection on the wharf, and after shaking hands all round embarked, and almost before we could realize it were fairly off for the tour, which for good results in every way is unsurpassed in the history of the Eastern Province.

At the end of the appointed eight weeks the town was again roused by the familiar strains of "Home, sweet home," as the boat steamed slowly into the harbor, and the band disembarked and marched off to the barracks, amid volleys of good wishes and a crowd of admiring followers.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights our large hall was packed with friends and admirers, all anxious to show their appreciation of the returning band. The bandsmen themselves of singing the praises of Canada and the Canadians, whose kindness was very great. God bless the Canadian comrades and are more than pleased with their trip, and apparently never tire friends, is the prayer of one and all.—Reg. Cor.

Revivalists at Sussex.

Sussex, N.B.—We are able to report to you the grand success of our Harvest Festival.

For several days before the 20th, we noted Capt. Richards, with a horse and express, for she is a teamster as well as a collector of vegetables and other gifts. Sister McKinnon also did her part in collecting vegetables and cash, but Capt. Effie Hawbold of course did the lion's share in collecting money. She obtained \$18. Last, but not least, the wife of Sergt.-Major Henry Creighton, notwithstanding Father Creighton and the Sergeant-Major were both on the sick list and short-handed at the farm, was found doing her duty in the way of collecting. When the sale was over we found \$50 to add to the treasury of the corps.

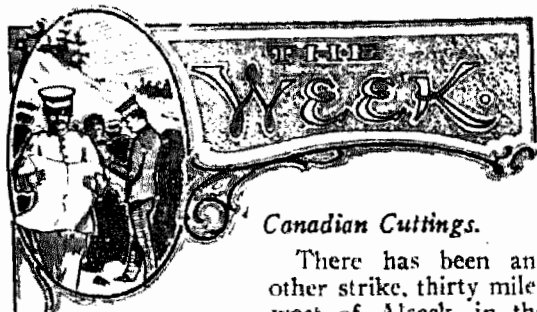
Now comes the crowning event. For days we noted in the window of our stores the sign "Eastern Revivalists to be with us for two weeks, beginning the 21st of the month." On the eve of the 21st Ensign Lamont and Capt. Urquhart arrived at the barracks, although without their commander, Staff-Captain McLean, who was laid up at Headquarters, St. John, for temporary repairs. We trust the Staff-Captain may soon recover from his somewhat painful illness. However, we were treated with a surprise when Major Howell, who is on his way from St. John to Truro, dropped off and gave us a very acceptable evening service. All were pleased to again see the Major.

On the 22nd the remaining forces stormed the forts of darkness, and although the enemy was determined, the day's battle closed with the walls of the enemy shaking. On the 23rd they again stormed the fort, again weakening those seemingly invincible walls. Yet the enemy would not yield. On the eve of the 24th victory came, and one soul surrendered, leaving the ranks of sin to march beneath the Army colors.

No sooner had the smoke of the battle passed away than the bright sunny morning of the 25th found officers and soldiers, long before seven o'clock, assembled to brighten their armor with prayer and supplication, asking for strength for the day's battle. It was given them, as we shall see. Never had the force looked better or more determined to meet the foe than when marching up our public street at 10.30. At holiness meeting, 11 o'clock, two more deserted the enemy's ranks and came over to the side of right and truth, one for salvation and one for sanctification. Again at 2.30 we found the ranks reinforced, and in front of the Depot House proclaimed their love and determination to continue the battle, not only for the day, but to the end. Three o'clock found the barracks filled with eager listeners to the truth as it was expounded by officers and soldiers. Again the enemy's ranks were deserted; another precious one melted at the feet of the Crucified one. 7.30 finds the troops headed by the Army flag, tightly grasped by Bro. Priors, with Abraham Andrews "blowing the big drum." Even Fathers Bell and McKenzie, notwithstanding they have passed over eighty summers, were on the scene of battle. At 8 o'clock the barracks was filled to the doors, and although there were many convicted, none would yield.

There is another week yet before the Revivalists. Look out for good reports. Capt. Richards, who has been here for six months, has had a somewhat chequered time, having several assistants who were only permitted to be with her for short periods. Most of her work has been done alone. However, she was ably reinforced recently when Capt. Effie Hawbold arrived and greatly assisted the Captain. We learn that they are to farewell on Sunday, Nov. 1st. We are pleased to report that Capt. Percy has reinforced the Eastern Revivalists and doing valiant work for the Master.

We think that the War Cry trade here is good, for last week we could not get an extra copy, as Capt. Hawbold sold out the entire supply, and we also learn that she sold two as high as 75 cts.—F. W. Wallace, Occasional Correspondent.



Canadian Cuttings.

There has been another strike, thirty miles west of Alseck, in the White Horse district. The discoverer brought in forty ounces of coarse gold and nuggets. The largest nugget is worth \$18, and another stampede is on. It is now certain that another camp will be opened in that region. The output of gold this year will equal that of last year. Mining this winter will be very active, and the official's look for an output of \$12,000,000 to \$14,000,000 next season.

The C.P.R. has absorbed the Ottawa, Northern & Western Railway.

The Dominion Government will institute naval reserve depots at Kingston, Montreal and Halifax.

News comes from Lord Strathcona that Major Leckie, a well-known Canadian officer, was very seriously injured by a leopard in Somaliland.

The corner-stone of a new Carnegie library at Brockville was laid by Mrs. Crawford Morgan.

Four men were killed at Niagara Falls and four injured by falling fifty feet into the wheel pit.

About eight hundred men went on strike at Niagara Falls on account of a reduction in wages of the men employed on the various Canadian power works. Several small riots occurred, and men who wanted to work were driven off with stones. A company of local militia took charge of the works.

An exhibition of the qualities of radium was given before the Astronomical Society, Toronto.

The Hudson's Bay Company's ship, Lady Head, was wrecked on the Gasket shoals in Hudson Bay. The passengers and crew all safely reached the company's station at Moose Factory, on the shores of Hudson Bay. The ship is a total loss.

The Winnipeg carpenters' strike has been settled.

It is understood that Lieut.-Colonel Henry Smith, formerly of London, Ont., will be appointed Military Secretary to the headquarters staff of the Militia Department.

Mr. R. J. Doyle, a prominent Owen Sound citizen, and credited with being the first man on the American Continent to manufacture Portland cement from native marl, is dead.

U. S. Siftings.

Twenty-four persons were burned or suffocated to death in a fire in a New York tenement house.

At Beaver Dam, Wyoming, two members of a Sheriff's posse and ten Indians were killed in a fight over violations of game laws.

To reduce expenses, the Erie Railway Company has discharged 10 per cent. of the working force in its various shops on the system.

Forty-three collieries in the Pottsville, Pa., district, employing 30,000 hands, were closed for one week in order to curtail the production of coal.

Fifteen members of the Purdue University (Lafayette, Ind.) football team were killed in a railway collision near Indianapolis.

British Briefs.

Sagatel Sagouni, President of the Armenian Revolutionary Society in London, was assassinated in that city.

Lord Strathcona has accepted the nomination to the Chancellorship of Aberdeen University.

Lord Goschen will be elected Chancellor of Oxford University, Lord Rosebery having withdrawn his candidature.

It is reported that the anthracite coal mine owners of South Wales have formed a combine.

It is believed that the damage caused by fire at the Vatican will not exceed \$50,000.

International Items.

Forty-five policemen and 100 rioters were injured in a conflict in Paris.

Several persons were killed or wounded during riots at Arenas, Spain.

Mukden, Manchuria, recently evacuated, was re-occupied by Russian troops.

Forty-four lives were lost in a steamship collision off the coast of Japan.

Prof. Mommsen, the famous historian, died at Charlottenburg, Germany.

Fire at Coney Island destroyed over 200 houses. Loss \$1,000,000. Two lives were lost.

It is reported that the German Garrison at Warmbad, German Southwest Africa, has been annihilated by the Hottentots.

Terrible earthquakes have occurred at Turshiz, near Turbat-i-Haidari, in Persia, in which 350 persons were killed and numbers were injured. One hundred and eighty-four carpet factories were destroyed, and only thirty-two stalls were left standing in the great bazaar. The entire town was practically demolished.

Five strikers were killed during street fighting at Bilbao, Spain.

Would-be assassins stabbed the Governor-General of the Caucasus three times, but he was not seriously injured.

An oracular official telegram from Constantinople announces that Turkey has suspended the demobilization of her troops, but will probably resume before long.

Martial law has been proclaimed at Bilbao, Spain, because of the riots by strikers.

Victoria Grief-Stricken.

(By Wire.)

Glorious outpouring of God's Spirit. Officers, soldiers, and friends delighted with the visit of Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan. Five souls at the cross. Expectations high for rest of meetings. City grief-stricken over Consul Booth-Tucker's promotion. Sunday night's memorial services most impressive. Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan in command. Much conviction and three souls.—Sheard.

Provincial Officers at Riverside.

(Special.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering's meetings at Riverside on Sunday were well attended. The Brigadier spoke with liberty and power. Mrs. Pickering sang and spoke with feeling. Three souls sought pardon and one came for holiness. The open-air were the best attended for a long time. The brass band plays well, and did good service. Ensign and Mrs. McClelland have a good hold of that part of the city, and are getting quite a number of new people.—Stick.

Winnipeg's Special Week-End.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips has been announced for the week-end meetings at Winnipeg, and everyone was happy and full of faith for a good time, as the Staff-Captain is a great favorite with the Winnipeg people. The hall at night was very full and the collections away up, in fact the meetings all day Sunday were a great success. The holiness meeting was a time of blessing and help to everyone present. A nice crowd had gathered to hear the Staff-Captain, and no one was disappointed, for he was at his best. Mrs. Alward enchanted everyone with her singing. Sunday afternoon was a wonderful time, the crowd being very large. Over \$5 was donated for War Crys for the jail and hospital. The night meeting surpassed anything we have had for a long time. Bro. Cracknell said a few words of farewell prior to his leaving for the Old Sod. He has been a faithful soldier and a great help with his playing and singing, and everyone wishes him God-speed. Mrs. Alward again gave us one of her beautiful solos, entitled, "Will there be any stars in my crown?" The Staff-Captain read the lesson, and many were the truths that he uttered. Sinners were brought to reflect upon the error of their way, and after a well-fought prayer meeting we rejoiced over three splendid cases of conversion.—Shiner.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner, accompanied by her physician, left Toronto for New York at 11 a.m. on Saturday, Oct. 31st. It was indeed a heart-rending sight to see our grief-stricken leader board the train in such a delicate state of health. The Commissioner met Commander Booth-Tucker at Welland, and traveled with him to New York City, where a great memorial service was held in the Carnegie Music Hall Sunday evening.

Colonel Jacobs, Lieut.-Colonels Friedrich, Gaskin, and Pugmire, and the Territorial Staff Band have proceeded to New York to represent Canada at the funeral service of the Consul on Tuesday, Nov. 2nd.

Staff-Capt. Coombs, after twelve years' absence, has taken charge of the Temple corps for another term. His first Sunday was a blessed day from every standpoint. The crowds in the open-air and indoors were exceedingly large, and a number of exceptionally good cases claimed deliverance from sin.

The famous divine from London, Eng., Mark Guy Pearce, in the course of addressing a very large audience in Toronto, said, "I trust that the time will come when there will be no standing army—except the Salvation Army."

Ensign T. Bloss has arrived in Toronto, and already has dived into his boxes and other matters connected with the G.B.M. If his smiling face is an index to his heart's expectations, then we may feel sure there is to be something done worthy of him while he is Financial Special for Central Ontario.

The Christmas Young Soldier promises to be a very attractive affair. The first forms have already gone to the press, and contain some cuts that will print very artistic pictures. The reading matter we feel sure, also, will be very acceptable to its readers.

While speaking of our junior publication, I might say that the Christmas Cry is shaping well, and judging by the beautiful sketches which we saw in the hands of the photoengraver, we would say we may expect a Christmas production which will please all, and sell at sight. But the Christmas Cry (we can say without being thought egotistical) has already gained a good reputation, and we may assure our readers this year its good name will be sustained.

We hope in a future issue to commence a thrilling story, entitled "Jim Chandler," one of the most remarkable life-stories, we may say, that has ever been published in the columns of the Cry.

Our open-air work in Toronto is still a pleasing feature of our efforts in Toronto. Positively, the tremendous crowds around our open-air rings continue to be most inspiring.

Staff-Captains McAmmond and Goodwin paid a flying visit to Toronto this week. The former greatly rejoiced through the recent law victory in Hamilton, where the local corps was sued for damages in a runaway accident; and the latter fresh from triumphant conflicts in London, Ont., and full of eager desire and anticipations for her new corps, Vancouver, B.C.

We have received the following letter from Adj. Blackburn. The Adjutant and all the bereaved ones have our deepest sympathy and prayers:—

"By the same mail as I received orders for Rossland, a letter came from England with the sad news of my mother's death. She only lived thirteen days after I bade her good-bye. I will never forget the parting. I am looking forward to the time we shall meet again, for I believe my mother was ready for the call. I ask the prayers of my comrades for my dear father, who will feel it very much. They have lived together fifty-five years, were both born in the same year, and are seventy-seven years of age. God has been good to spare them so long. I pray when my father's time comes there will be a re-union in heaven. We are going to Rossland with faith in God for victory."

There are now twenty-eight girls at the North London Laundry, where \$250 worth of work can easily be got through in a week. Major Simmons, from Scotland, is in charge of the Laundry and Home attached.

Spokane Revival Campaign.

At the Tuesday night soldiers' meeting we had an inspiring time. Brigadier McMillan and Staff-Capt. Taylor were in attendance. The Brigadier spoke on the need of whole-hearted men and women to go forth in God's strength to help rescue the perishing. At the close of the service four precious souls made an entire consecration of themselves to God.

On Thursday night we had an enrolment. Our Provincial Officers were again present. Three sisters and five brothers were sworn in as soldiers under the flag by Staff-Capt. Taylor. There are some eight or nine more to be enrolled in the near future. At the close of this service a brother and sister surrendered to God.

Saturday night's meeting was a spiritual feast to our souls, and to the heart of a backslider also, who knelt at the penitent form weeping over his past wrong-doing. His little daughter threw her arms around his neck and wept with him—truly a most pathetic sight.

Sunday was indeed a blessed time. Two dear brothers sought Christ at the holiness meeting, one for the blessing of a clean heart and the other, a poor backslider, asked God to forgive his transgressions. At the close of the evening service a dear little boy came to the penitent form, and said he wanted to give his heart to Jesus. Sinners are deeply convicted, and we believe there will be a mighty surrendering.—Old Joe.

North-West Provincial Notes.

"Portage la Prairie, next station!" shouted the brakeman, and Major Burditt and myself prepared to alight. As we stepped from the train to the platform we were met by Ensign Downey, who escorted us to the quarters, where Sergt. Matheson had supper ready for us. After a nice cup of hot tea we prepared to enter the meeting. Everybody was full of faith for a glorious time, as it had been announced that Major Burditt would conduct the meetings for Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday night a nice crowd gathered to hear the Major. The meeting, from start to finish, went with a swing, and many were brought to see the evil of their way. The open-air was a great success, and a large crowd gathered to hear the messages of salvation.

The holiness meeting on Sunday morning was a blessed time, and everybody felt it was good to be there. Great interest was shown in the afternoon meeting, and although no one yielded, we felt that truly God had been there. We met again at night ready for the fray, expecting great things, and truly we were not disappointed. The large hall was packed, and the Major excelled himself in his subject, "A Race for Life." He drew picture after picture, and drove home truth after truth, and after a hard-fought prayer meeting we rejoiced over one young man starting to lead a new life.

Portage la Prairie is a nice little town, situated on the main line of the C.P.R., about fifty-six miles from Winnipeg, with a population of about 4,000 people. The Army has been here for a long time, and owns its own hall and quarters, quite close to the main street. The people are very kind and friendly. This is one of the most prosperous farming districts in the Northwest.

Monday the Major started for Brandon, calling at Carberry for one night. Carberry is another farming town of about 2,000 people, and, like Portage, is a very prosperous district. We also own our barracks here. The Major was met by Capt. Bauson. The meeting was very successful.

In the morning we started for Brandon, some thirty-three miles away. Brandon is a city of 8,000 inhabitants, and quite a manufacturing centre, besides being a renowned farming district. It has two railroads running into it, two planing mills, two foundry and machine works; the water from the Assiniboine River being quite an inducement for manufactories. Everything is booming here this summer and several large buildings are in course of erection. The Army has also been established here for a very long time, and owns a lovely barracks just opposite the City Hall and near the main street. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Ayre, who are stationed

here, gave us a splendid welcome. In spite of the fact of counter attractions the meeting was a splendid success and very great interest was manifested. Father Earle captivated everyone with his song, "I shall know Him," and the Major again held everyone spellbound. Although no one yielded, we have every reason to believe that God was with us and much good was accomplished. Here the Major and I parted, the Major going farther west, and I returning home.—Shiner.



The General has arrived in London after having been out of the country fifteen days, traveled 2,500 miles, and addressed twenty-seven meetings, eight of which were officers' councils. In eighteen public meetings he addressed over eighteen thousand people. As to his health, he was, according to Colonel Lawley, "better than when he left." On Sunday he had a magnificent day at the Pavilion, in the East End, hard by the "Blind Beggar" and his old historic battleground. Comment on an achievement like this is impossible. Let the facts speak for themselves.

Arrangements for the great International Congress in London are proceeding, and already we may roughly sketch the program, which will cover a period of four weeks, from June 20th.

Social and missionary displays will be given, huge musical festivals will be held rivaling anything we have ever attempted, and there will be great national gatherings representing every country in which our flag is flying.

A special feature of the Congress will be the officers' councils, which will unquestionably be the most remarkable the Army has even had.

The Chief of the Staff has conducted six stirring meetings at Kennington Lane, Liverpool, and Barnley. At each place there were marked evidences of divine favor. At Barnley a report says:

"The visit of the Chief of the Staff proved a trumpet-call to the unconverted, a rousing battle-cry to our soldiers, and a stimulus to all our operations in this great manufacturing town.

"The whole of the meetings were held in the Royal Victoria Opera House.

"Sunday morning was devoted to soldiers, and the Chief's appeal to them to be all God wanted them to be was answered by eighteen publicly coming to the mercy seat.

"In the afternoon the Chief, in a powerful salvation address, was mightily inspired; there were fifteen at the mercy seat. A splendid crowd of the true Burnley type attended the night meeting. A hot, burning, salvation address, and a solemn appeal to the unconverted resulted in seventeen at the mercy seat.

"Locals and soldiers were much helped by the sympathy and counsel of our leader.

"Colonel Hay assisted throughout the day; the Provincial and Divisional Staff fought well. Soldiers much encouraged over October Campaign, and resolved to fight and do creditably for God and the Army.

The British War Cry states this week:

"We direct the attention of our readers to the announcement on page fifteen of this week's War Cry.

"Our color-printing experiment has so far advanced that we have made arrangements to issue a sixteen-page Color Number once a month, at the usual price of one penny. The subject of the color front will be carefully chosen to meet the varying claims of salvation warfare.

"Special features will be introduced, local needs will be more closely studied, and there will be departments for 'Our Women,' 'Our Young People,' and for those who are 'perplexed,' and for the general reader. Our helpful spiritual articles will be continued. Each week's issue will contain a brisk, well-written and readable illustrated article dealing with the social life of the people, and a thrilling story by a well-known Army writer.

"Our page of Wired Reports, and 'The Death-Bed Triumphs' and those who have 'kept the faith' are unique, and are not approached by any other religious weekly published. We hope to improve and enlarge them. Our black-and-white illustrations will be second to none.

"We aim at making the War Cry the most up-to-date and widely read religious journal published. You can help us by reading its pages, and by securing new permanent customers."

Switzerland.

Staff-Capt. Marki has conducted not less than two hundred meetings during a six-weeks' campaign.

Adj. Robert, formerly of Montreal French corps, is in charge of one of our most important corps in Switzerland.

The Zurich States Council has decided to give an annual grant to our night shelter in the town. This is more than progress, it is victory.

Some new corps have been opened recently, and although there is a lack of officers, yet the work is progressing. Open-air and tent work are growing in favor.

France.

The two night shelters in Paris and the Industrious Homes in Lyons and Nimes have closed the year balancing their accounts, and all arrears being paid.

The General has decided to visit Paris during the month of November.

Ensign Cabrit has left France en route for Montreal.

Seventeen Cadets have left the Paris Training Home for the field.

More than eight hundred women have passed through the Industrious Homes, and it is estimated that more than four hundred have been permanently restored to lives of sobriety and virtue.

Indian and South African Missionaries.

An interesting gathering took place in the Foreign Office, International Headquarters, recently. The occasion was the farewell of seven officers for the Foreign Field. Five of the number were going to India.

Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary, informed these comrades that he only remained behind of necessity. Were he merely to consult his inclinations, he would willingly accompany them to the great continent to which they were going.

Adj. and Mrs. Glasspool, the remaining two of the party, have just completed eleven years' service in the West Indies, and are now, with their three children, proceeding to South Africa.

The Indian party consist of Adj. Salathe, who has just been promoted to her present rank. She has served in Switzerland fifteen and a half years. Before leaving that country she was in charge of the Basle Rescue Home.

Capt. Bengston is a Swede, and has worked in the slums of her native land.

The British Field is represented in the person of Capt. Carter, who is an officer with some three years' service to his credit. His last appointment was at Clapton Congress Hall, where he filled a post under Major Orsborn.

Capt. Greenway is a Canadian B.A. He became a Salvationist when in Glasgow, having journeyed thither with a party of Canadians to the 1900 Exhibition in that great city. After completing his training he remained in the Training Home as a Sergeant. He goes to India with the rank of Captain.

Brigadier Duce, from the Land of the Rising Sun, was present, and displayed a keen interest in the proceedings. He was accompanied by two Japanese Government officials—Mr. Tomeoka and Mr. Namaye. Both these gentlemen are greatly interested in the Army, and intend to visit its Social Institutions while in London. Mr. Tomeoka intends writing a book, in which the Army's Social Work will figure largely.

Lieut.-Colonel Jeya Kodi (Johnston), who is in England on furlough from India, was also in evidence. The occasion was, in many respects, a delightful one, and brought blessing to the hearts of all privileged to be present.

OUR HISTORY CLASS.

IV.—THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXXII.
HENRY III.—A.D. 1574.

The new King, Henry III., was a strange person. He seemed to have used up all his spirit and sense at the battle of Jarnac, which had made people think him a hero; and though he was not a coward in battle, he had no boldness in thinking of danger—no moral courage in making up his mind. On his way home through Savoy, he saw Louise de Vaudemont, a beautiful girl, a cousin of the Duke of Guise, and determined to marry her. Queen Catherine tried to prevent it, because Mary of Scotland had been so haughty with her, and poor Louise herself was betrothed to a man she loved; but the King would not be withstood, and she led a dreary life with him. He cared for little but fine clothes, his own beauty, and a sort of religion that did him no good. He slept in a mask and gloves for the sake of his complexion, and painted his face; and every day he stood over his wife to see her hair dressed, and chose her ornaments. He had a set of friends like himself, who were called his "mignons," or darlings, and were fops like him; but they all wore rapiers, of which the heads were carved like skulls; and they, King and all, used to go in procession, bareheaded and covered with sackcloth, to the churches in Paris, with whips in their hands, with which to flog one another in penance for their sins. Yet they were horribly cruel, and thought nothing of murder. If one of them was killed, the King would go and weep over him, take out the earrings he had himself given him, and then become just as fond of another "mignon." Henry was also very fond of little dogs; he used to carry a basket of them slung around his neck, and fill his carriage with them when he went out with the Queen, generally to church, where he used to stick illuminations, cut out of old books of devotion, upon the wall.

Henry of Navarre stayed in this disgraceful court for nearly two years longer; but at last, in 1576, he grew ashamed of the life he was leading, fled away to the Huguenot army in the south of France, and professed himself a Calvinist again. He soon showed that he was by far the ablest leader that the Huguenots had had, and he obtained another peace, and also that his wife Margaret should be sent to him to his little court at Nerac; but she had been entirely spoiled by her mother's wicked court, and had very little sense of right or wrong. The pair never loved one another; and as they had no children, there was nothing to draw them together, though they were friendly and civil to one another, and Margaret tried to help her husband by the lively court she kept, and the letters she wrote to her friends at Paris.

Even the Duke of Alençon, the youngest brother, could not bear the life at Henry's court, and fled from it. At one time the Dutch, who had revolted from Philip of Spain, invited him to put himself at their head; but he did them no good, and on his way home he died. He had never been worth anything, but his death made a great difference, for Henry III. had no children; and as women could neither reign in France themselves nor leave any rights to their children, the nearest heir to the crown was Henry of Navarre, whose grandfather, the first Count of Bourbon, had been a son of St. Louis.

Everybody knew he was the right heir; but to have a Calvinist King to reign over them seemed so frightful to all the more zealous Catholics that they formed themselves into a society, which they called a League for maintaining the Church, and the great object of which was to keep Henry of Navarre from being King of France. The Duke of Guise was at the head of this League, which was so powerful, especially in Paris, that he could do almost everything, and threatened and cowed the King till Henry was almost a prisoner in their hands. There was a third party—Catholics, but loyal and with the Count de Montmorency at their head—and these were the persons to whom Henry trusted most. He was fond of his bright, kindly brother-in-law, the King of Navarre, and never would do anything to prevent him from succeeding, although he found that it was not safe to remain in Paris, and went to his palace at Blois. Here he framed a plot for freeing himself from the Duke of Guise. He placed guards on whom he could depend under the staircase and in his ante-room; and when Guise came to visit the King in early morning, they fell upon him, threw him down, and murdered him. His brother, the Cardinal of Guise, was killed the same day, and Henry went up to his mother, Queen Catherine, who was ill in bed, to tell her that he was free from his enemy; but she saw plainly that he was only bringing more trouble on himself. "You have cut," she said; "can you sew up again? Have you thought of all that you will bring on yourself?" He said he had done so. "Then you must be prompt and firm," she said; but she did not live to help him through his difficulties. She died a fortnight later, having done the most cruel harm to her children, her country, and her church.

Henry was far from able to sew up again. All the League was mad with rage. Guise's sons were little children; but his brother, the Duke of Mayenne, took the lead, and though he was not a clever man, the party was so strong that it took no great ability to make it terrible to the King. The Duke's sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, really was like a fury, and went about the streets of Paris stirring up the people, who already hated and despised the King, and now raged against him. They tried him in effigy, deposed him, carried his figure through the streets heaping insults upon it, and made an anagram of his name, "Henri de Valois," into "Villain Herodes." All the world seemed to have been turned against him, and he was brought to such distress that he was obliged to beg Henry of Navarre to come and help him. The two Kings met at Plessis-les-Tours, and were most friendly together. They joined their armies and began to besiege Paris; but of course this made the Leaguers more violent against Henry than ever, and a young monk named Clement, fancying that there was no sin, but even virtue, in freeing the church from a man like Henry, crept out of Paris with a pocket of letters, and while the King was reading Paris with a pocket of letters, and while the King was at one, stabbed him in the body with a dagger. Clement was at once slain by the gentlemen of the guard, and the King of Navarre was sent for in time to see his brother-in-law still alive. Henry embraced him, bade his people own him King of France, and added, "But you will never be able to reign unless you be and come a Catholic." Then he died, in the year 1589, the last and most contemptible of the miserable house of Valois. The Leaguers rejoiced at his death, and praise the murderer Clement as a saint and a martyr, while they set up as King the Cardinal of Bourbon, the old uncle of the King of Navarre, declaring that it was impossible that a heretic should ever reign in France.

Lippincott's Thanksgiving.

The afternoon of Thanksgiving Day was spent in a most useful manner by the "Chorale" of the Lippincott corps in visiting the Toronto Home for Incubables, the purpose of their visit being to bless and cheer by their bright singing those who were afflicted. Many sad sights were witnessed as we passed from ward to ward, but notwithstanding all this we were blessed, knowing that God owned and blessed our efforts in bringing a ray of sunshine to the inmates of one of Toronto's largest institutions. The "directorate" have expressed themselves as being delighted with the League's work here, showing their kindness every way possible.

Mrs. Patterson is in charge of the League work here, assisted by Sergt. Mrs. Freeman and the other younger members of the Lippincott corps.

At the Lippincott barracks over forty Local Officers and bandsmen were commissioned for the ensuing year. Owing to the illness of Brigadier Pickering, the Chaplain, Staff-Capt. Cass held the reins of the meeting, bringing matters through to a successful finish. Ensign Howell, the scholar and juvenile chorale, and the band boys ably assisted. With such a band of noble workers Lippincott must undoubtedly score even greater success than in the past.—Rugby.

A German paper gives a test for watered milk, which is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting-needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

Household Hints.

Very pretty and decorative plants may be obtained by planting the top from a pineapple in a mixture of loam, leaf mold, and cow manure, equal parts. It is equally as pretty a plant when grown as any pandanus. It requires to be kept constantly moist, same as ferns, but not too wet, and never allow to become dry.

If an article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly on it.

A teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed with the stove polish will give great brilliancy to the stove, which it will not speedily lose.

When ironing handkerchiefs the centre should always be ironed first. If the edges are ironed first this causes the centre to swell, and the handkerchiefs will not be smooth.

To revive cut flowers after packing, plunge the stems into boiling water; by the time the water is cold the flowers will have revived. Cut the ends and put in fresh cold water.

For stopping a leak in a cask, beat up some whiting with common yellow soap. If this mixture is rubbed well into the leak it will be found to stop it after everything else has failed.

To make fire burn quickly, place the lumps of coal with the grain upward toward the chimney, but if wanted to burn slowly, place the coal with the grain across the fire, and it will have the desired effect.

Remember to sweep the carpets the way of the nap; to brush the other way is to brush the dust in. Attend to all stains as soon as possible. If left, they will soak into the carpet and be very difficult to remove.

Sponges cannot be kept clean unless always wrung out of clean water as dry as possible after use, and exposed to the air till dry. The proper mode of cleansing is to let them lie in strong borax and water, or soda and water, for some hours, squeezing them as hard as possible occasionally.



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The above cut is the exact size of Badge, which is nicely finished in Red and Blue Enamel, with Bar and Lettering in Silver. The design is very neat.

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To remove grease from wall-papers, mix some fuller's earth with ox-gall and cold water, and spread it on the spot. Pin a little blotting-paper over the mixture, and leave it for three or four hours, then brush it off carefully, when in all probability the grease will be removed; if not, renew the operation—the success of which, however, depends upon the paper cleaning nicely.

To prevent bright pans from being blackened by smoke, rub with fat before putting them on the fire. Wash with hot water and soap after using them and they will be quite bright.

To extinguish a fire in the chimney, besides any water at hand, throw on it salt, or a handful of flour of sulphur, as soon as you can obtain it; keep all the doors and windows tightly shut, and hold before the fireplace a blanket, or some woollen article, to exclude the air. Children should be early taught how to press out a spark when it happens to reach any part of their dress, and also that running into the air will cause it to blaze immediately. Lime water, beaten up with sweet oil, is an excellent liniment for burns.

There is a very simple way of avoiding the disagreeable smoke and gas which always pours into the room when a fire is lit in a stove, heater, or fireplace on a damp day. Put in the wood and coal as usual, but before lighting them, ignite a handful of paper or shavings placed on the top of the coal. This produces a current of hot air in the chimney, which draws up the smoke and gas at once.

EGGS AS MEDICINE.

Eggs are not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises, and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectively detach a fish-bone fastened in the throat, and the whites of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible of all but proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase.

T. F. S. SPECIALS.

LIEUT. COLONEL PUGMIRE, assisted by CAPT. DeBOW, will conduct Special Revival Services as follows: Huntsville, Tues., Nov. 17, to Thurs., Nov. 26 (inclusive); Petrolia, Sat., Nov. 28, to Mon., Dec. 7 (inclusive).



To Parents, Relations, and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 20 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

4274. CLARK, WALTER HERBERT. Left England ten years ago. Is now about 25 years of age, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, grey eyes. Last heard from in February, 1894, at Danville, P.Q. Is supposed to have gone to Winnipeg.

4273. McMILLAN, ANGUS. Age about 30 years, clean shaven, dark complexion, cross-eyed, height about 6 ft. Last heard from at Havre, Mont., U.S.A., October, 1902. Is supposed to have gone to some lumber camps in Washington Territory. American Cry please copy.

4275. HODGSON, ROBERT. Left England for Philadelphia six months ago. Was last heard from at St. George's, Ont. Brick-layer, age 27, height 5 ft. 5 in., black curly hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion.

4276. GOODWIN, EDWARD. Age 35 years, black hair, blue eyes, dark complexion, medium height. Last heard from in Halifax, N.S., in May, 1903.

4277. LEWIS, FRED. Left England for Canada in August, 1902. Was last heard from in September, 1902, at Montreal. Composer. May have gone to Winnipeg. He is tall, has dark hair and eyes, and is clean shaven.

4278. McCREGOR, JOHN. Left England in October, 1902, per S.S. Arcadian. Age 35, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, grey eyes, pale complexion. His wife is broken-hearted at his prolonged silence.

4279. MURRAY, ALEX. Last heard of at Battleford, N.W.T. Should write his aged mother in England.

4280. BARNETT, GEORGE CHARLES SUMMERS (may go by the name of Summers). Age 80 years, medium height, brown hair and eyes, fresh complexion, brick-layer. Last heard of at 39 Birch Ave., Toronto.

4283. BROWN, THOMAS. Age 28 years, brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, Irish nationality. Last heard of at Atlin, B.C., about two years ago.

4285. RANDALL, JOSEPH. Blacksmith, age 34 years, height 5 ft. 9 in., light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Last heard of in North Dakota.

4270. LINTON, GEORGE. Trade florist, age 50 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown sunken eyes, hair grey but dyed brown, bridge of nose raised by kick of horse when young, pale complexion, moustache. Going, very likely, under an assumed name.



George Linton.



Allice Poyner

4271. POYNER, ALICE. Age 18, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark brown hair, freckled face, ruddy complexion, grey eyes, even teeth, mark of abscess on chin.

4272. BATON, MRS. MARY. Widow, age 78 years, medium height, dark eyes and hair (her hair may have turned grey). Was last heard of at Digby, N.S., eight years ago.

4286. PURDIE, JOSEPH. Age 40 years, rather tall, dark hair and eyes, teamster. Was in Seattle, Wash., four years ago.

4269. JACKSON, JAMES ALLAN. Married, age 34 years, tall, brown hair, sandy moustache, dark eyes. Left Toronto six years ago. Was last heard from between four and five years ago at Hammond, Indiana, where he was putting up electric wires.

4262. KITCHEN, MRS. OLARA, nee Harrington. Age 20, height 5 ft. 8 in., light hair, blue eyes. Been married ten years. Left her husband and two children in Valleyfield, P.Q., four years ago. Has not been heard of since.

(Note.—Will the party who enquires for Robert Peel kindly communicate with the above address, as we have succeeded in locating him.)

4182. SERRICKS, WILLIAM. About 26 years of age, rather tall. Last known to be in British Columbia. He has relatives living in Newfoundland.

4261. GERRMAN, JOHN ALLAN. Age 31, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair, blue eyes, farmer. Left Blair on November 25th, 1902. Last heard from in Toronto. May have gone to Detroit. Wife very anxious.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign T. Bloss.—Brampton, Nov. 14, 15; Orangeville, Nov. 18; Faversham, Nov. 17, 18, 19; Owen Sound, Nov. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25; Meaford, Nov. 24, 25; Collingwood, Nov. 26, 27; Barrie, Nov. 28, 29; Orillia, Nov. 30, Dec. 1; Midland, Dec. 2, 3; Gravenhurst, Dec. 4; Bracebridge, Dec. 5; Huntsville, Dec. 7; Burk's Falls, Dec. 8; Amnig St. John, Dec. 9; Parry Sound, Dec. 10; North Bay, Dec. 12, 13, 14; Sturgeon Falls, Dec. 15; Sudbury, Dec. 16; Coopersville, Dec. 17; Stobie, Dec. 18; Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Dec. 19, 20, 21; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Dec. 22, 23.

Ensign Mercer.—Alton, Nov. 13; Birchfold, Nov. 16; Minot, Nov. 17; Valley City, Nov. 20, 21, 22; Bismarck, Nov. 23, 24; Jamestown, Nov. 25, 26; Oakes, Nov. 27; Moorhead, Nov. 28, 29, 30; Fargo, Dec. 1, 2; Grand Forks, Dec. 3, 4; Devil's Lake, Dec. 5, 6; Grafton, Dec. 7, 8; Emerson, Dec. 9, 10, 11; Garman, Dec. 13, 14, 15; Selkirk, Dec. 16, 17, 18.

Capt. Shanley.—Nelson, Nov. 14, 15, 16; Fernie, Nov. 19, 20, 21; Great Falls, Dec. 1, 2; Helena, Dec. 3, 4; Billings, Dec. 5, 6, 7; Livingston, Dec. 12, 13; Butte, Dec. 19, 20, 21; Missoula, Dec. 22, 23.

Ensign Leadley.—Eastport, Nov. 14, 15; St. John, Nov. 16, 17; Digby, Nov. 18, 19; Yarmouth, Nov. 20, 21, 22; Clark's Harbor, Nov. 23, 24; Bear River, Nov. 26; Annapolis, Nov. 27; Bridgetown, Nov. 28, 29; Bridgewater, Nov. 30; Lunenburg, Dec. 1; Liverpool, Dec. 2, 3; Kentville, Dec. 5, 6; Canning, Dec. 7; Windsor, Dec. 8, 9.

Ensign Peole.—Leamington, Nov. 16; Kentville, Nov. 17; Essex, Nov. 18; Windsor, Nov. 19; Wallaceburg, Nov. 20; Dresden, Nov. 21, 22; Chatham, Nov. 23; Bethwell, Nov. 24; Strathroy, Nov. 26; Watford, Nov. 26; Petrolia, Nov. 27; Sarnia, Nov. 28, 29; Forest, Nov. 30; Theford, Dec. 1; Clinton, Dec. 2; Goderich, Dec. 3; Wingham, Dec. 4; Listowel, Dec. 5, 6; Palmerston, Dec. 7; Guelph, Dec. 8; Berlin, Dec. 9; Hesler, Dec. 10; Galt, Dec. 11.

Songs of the Week.

My Sins Went Rolling Away.



There is a word in God's own book,
The sweetest word I know,
'Twas written in my heart by grace,
A long, long time ago;
And when that word first came to me,
My sins all had to go,
'Tis pardon, wondrous pardon.

My sins went rolling away!
My sins went rolling away!
When pardon came,
Bless His dear name,
My sins went rolling away!

For long, long years my weary soul
Was in captivity,
No human pow'r was strong enough,
To give me liberty;
But one word from my Saviour-King
At once did make me free,
'Twas pardon, wondrous pardon.

And now I've found the secret out,
My joy is quite complete,
And now I am living constantly
Down at the Saviour's feet;
Where'er I go the blessed news
To sinners I'll repeat:
There's pardon, wondrous pardon.

I Love Thee.

BY MRS. TERRELL, TEMPLE.

Tune.—*Sweet rest in heaven* (B.J. 174).

2 I love Thee, precious Saviour,
Thou'rt all-in-all to me,
The fairest of ten thousand,
A bright reality.
Oh, fill me with Thy Spirit,
And help me, Lord, to be
A blessing to the sinners,
By pointing them to Thee.

I'm washed in Jesus' blood!
I'm washed in Jesus' blood!
And this I know for He tells me so
In His own blessed Word.

Thy holy life was given
That I might be set free;
Thy presence makes my heaven
For all eternity.
My all is on the altar,
For evermore to be
A consecrated offering,
My precious Lord, to Thee.

Stars in My Crown.

Tunes.—*Will there be any stars in my crown?*

3 I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land
I shall reach when the sun goeth down,
When, through wonderful grace, by my Saviour
I stand,
Will there be any stars in my crown?

Chorus.

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
When at evening the sun goeth down?
When I wake with the blest in those mansions
of rest,
Will there be any stars in my crown?

In the strength of the Lord let me labor and
pray,

Let me watch as the winner of souls,
'That bright stars may be mine in that glorious
day

When His praise like the sea-billow rolls.

Oh, what joy it will be when His face I behold,
Living gems at His feet to lay down;
It will sweeten my bliss in the city of gold,
Should there be any stars in my crown.

Moments of Prayer.

BY LIEUT. WM. RICHARDSON, TILLSONBURG.

Tune.—*Oh, happy day* (New B.B. 11).

4 The precious moments spent in prayer
Fill all my soul with God's great love
In times of darkness and despair,
'Tis then the power comes from above.

Chorus.

Wondrous love, wondrous love,
'Tis wondrous love so rich and free.
It heals my wounds and bids me go
Into the world to sinners show.
Wondrous love, wondrous love,
'Tis wondrous love so rich and free.

The precious moments spent in prayer
Turn storm and tempest into calm;
My troubled soul finds solace there,
A constant aid from Gilead's balm.

The precious moments spent in prayer
Bring deepest joy and wondrous light,
And Christ, who doth my burdens share,
Helps me to walk with Him in white.

That's the News.

BY SISTER VANNET.

Tune.—*What's the news?* (New B.B. 126).

5 The crowds flock to the Army hall,
That's the news!
To listen to the Gospel call,
That's the news!
The other night, as you may know,
Two souls did to the fountain go,
And came out washed as white as snow,
That's the news!

They've started on salvation's track,
That's the news!
And by God's grace will not turn back,
That's the news!
They've joined the happy, singing band,
To march together hand-in-hand,
Until they reach the Gloryland,
That's the news!

And now, dear friend, I'll tell to you
The glorious news
That you may have salvation too,
The glorious news.
Just come to Christ this very day,
Give up your sins, and watch, and pray,
And march with us the heavenly way,
That's the news!

We ask you now to come along,
That's the news!
And sing with us redemption's song,
That's the news!
And when our conflict here is o'er,
And we have gained the eternal shore,
We'll sing that song for evermore,
That's the news!

Where the Living Waters Flow.

Tune.—*Down where the living waters flow*
(New B.B. 224).

6 Once I was far in sin,
But Jesus took me in,
Down where the living waters flow!
'Twas there He gave me sight
And let me see the light,
Down where the living waters flow!

Chorus.

Down where the living waters flow!
Down where the tree of life does grow,
I'm living in the light,
For Jesus now I fight,
Down where the living waters flow!

With Jesus at my side,
I need no other guide,
Down where the living waters flow!
He is my hope and stay,
He saves me every day,
Down where the living waters flow!

When fighting here is o'er,
I'll rest for evermore,
Down where the living waters flow!
I'll join the blood-washed throng,
And sing the angels' song,
Down where the living waters flow!

Come To-Night!

BY GEO. HOLMES, SR., FERNIE, B.C.

Tune.—*Are you coming home to-night?*

7 Weary sinner, Jesus calls you,
Come with your load of sin;
The door of mercy's open.
Oh, will you enter in?
The Saviour waits to save you,
He'll wash your garments white;
Oh, while He's interceding,
Will you come to Him to-night?

Chorus.

Will you come to Him to-night?
Will you come to Him to-night?
Leave your life of sin and sorrow,
And walk in the heavenly light?
Will you come to Him to-night?
Will you come to Him to-night?
Will you trust His precious promise?
Will you come to Him to-night?

He will pardon past transgressions,
Your sorrow He will bear;
He will your burden lighten,
And ease your every care.
Oh, sinner, He will bless you,
Your life He'll make so bright;
Will you come just now to Jesus?
Will you come to Him to-night?

Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
He longs to be your friend,
A friend above all others,
A friend unto the end;
And He alone can save you,
Oh, trust in His great might
Give your life into His keeping,
And come home to Him to-night.

What Shall I Do?

Tune.—*Oh, what shall I do?* (New B.B. 266).

8 Oh, what shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul?
Like the waves in the storm
When the winds are at war,
Chilling clouds of distress o'er me roll.

Chorus.

What shall I do? What shall I do?
Oh, what shall I do to be saved?

Oh, what shall I do to be saved,
When the pleasures of youth are all fled,
And the friends I have loved
From the earth are removed,
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?

Oh, what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue,
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud, rolls away,
And eternity opens to view?

O Lord, look in mercy on me!
Come, come and speak peace to my soul!
Unto whom shall I flee,
Blessed Lord, but to Thee?
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole!

Second Chorus.

That will I do! That will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.